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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

GOVERNMENT REVERSE

Ministry Defeated on a
Snap Vote.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

The Government have passed many critical days and nights in the agonies of Supply, but the division which yesterday brought upon them the discredit of a defeat came at a time of conspicuous calm.

The opening moments of the sitting were inordinately dull. The seven-and-twenty questions on the paper, none of which contained a spark of public interest, went smoothly through without the smallest suspicion of excitement. "It is going to be a dull night," said a Parliamentary prophet. Members left the Chamber, and unsuspecting Conservatives hailed hansom in Palace Yard, lit their cigars, and went away to the clubs. The Prime Minister, childlike in matters of party strategy, slipped upstairs to the Strangers' Gallery and conversed gaily with two of his constituents, innocent of the trap into which the Government were so soon to be caught.

Meanwhile, the House went into Committee of Supply on a vote of £29,500 for National Education in Ireland.

Mr. John Redmond moved its reduction by £100.

THE UNEXPECTED DIVISION.

Nobody rising to continue the debate, the Chief Secretary replied. He, too, was exceptionally brief, and hoped, he said, his reply was satisfactory.

Mr. Redmond looked at his colleagues, who shrugged their shoulders.

"I am not satisfied with the Chief Secretary's reply, and shall press the reduction to a division."

The Committee divided—

For the reduction	141
Against	130

Majority

As the tellers approached the Table it was at once apparent the Government had been defeated, and a wild scene of cheering and jubilation among the Nationalists and Liberals ensued.

Mr. J. Redmond moved to report progress.

To this Mr. Balfour objected, amid interruptions from Mr. MacNeill and others.

A further danger confronted the Government Whips. Another division was imminent. The clubs were telephoned to, and wires were sent in all directions.

Mr. Fitzalan Hope jumped up to talk against time to the accompaniment of impatient shouts of "Vive, vive" from the Radicals.

RETURN OF THE TRUANTS.

Meanwhile portly gentlemen, mopping their brows, puffed themselves into the Chamber.

"Wire to Peckham," shouted the hilarious Willie Redmond, and Radicals laughed at the absence of Sir Frederick Banbury, the Government "blocker."

Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, who had been apparently enjoying the novelty of the whole situation, bobbed up in sarcastic vein, and attributed the defeat to the abstention of protectionists. He hoped the Government would rely in future on the generous spirits of the free traders.

And now carriages and cabs came tearing into Palace Yard in quick succession, and the Ministerial benches rapidly filled. The division on the motion to report progress followed.

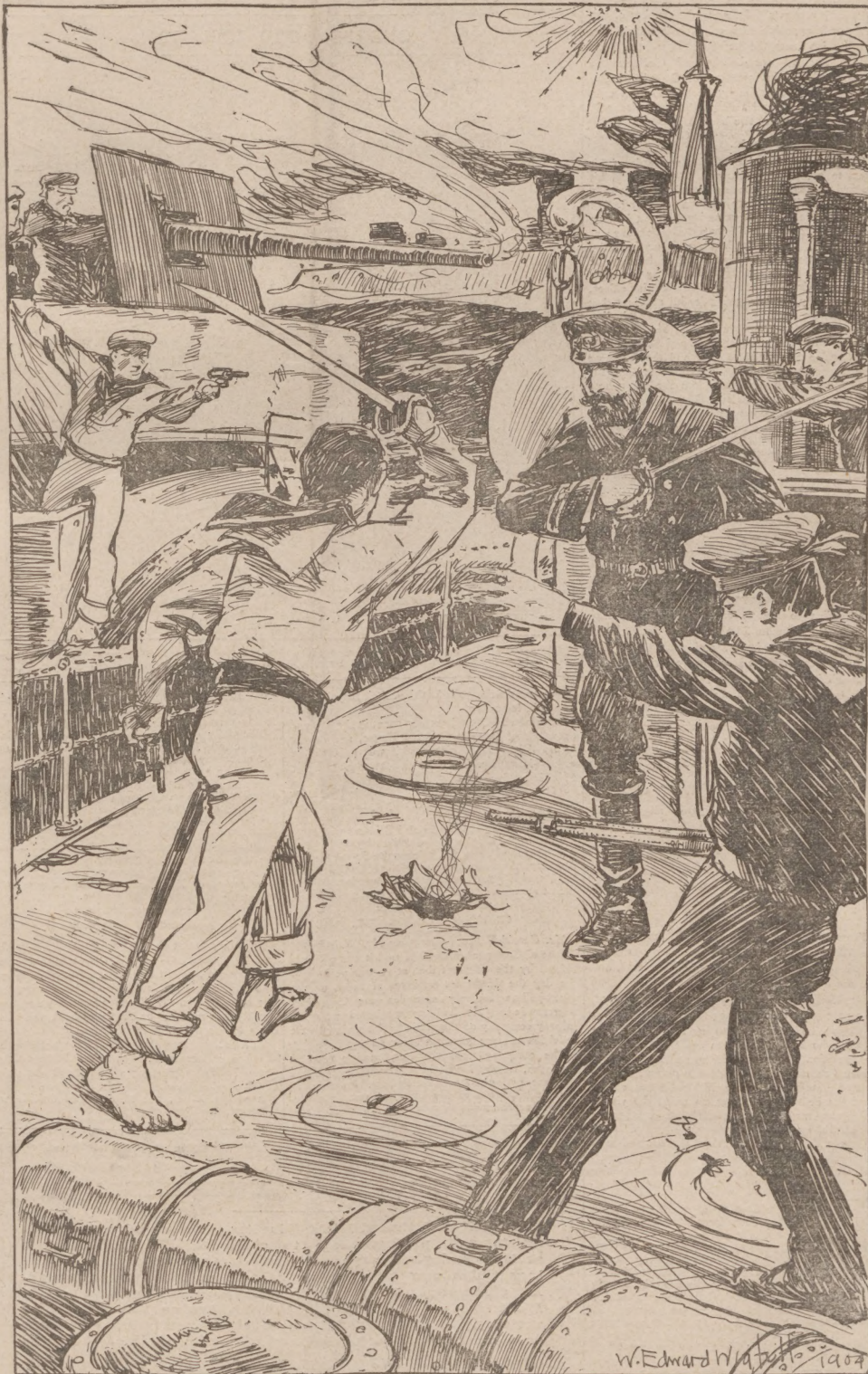
This time the Government had succeeded in beating the proposal by a margin of 25 (171 against 146).

There was a mighty shout, triumphant and ironical, and then a general exodus to the lobbies.

The incident was over.

On February 23 last, through the action of Mr. Gibson Bowles, the Government had to submit to a sessional order, moved by Mr. Aikens-Douglas, being negatived without a division.

HAND-TO-HAND AT LAST!



When the Japanese destroyers bore down on the doomed Russian destroyer Steregushchi, in the fight of March 10th, off Port Arthur, a Japanese sailor, emulating the deeds of his ancestors in the old junk-fighting days, sprang from one vessel to the other, cutlass in hand, and, meeting the Russian captain as he emerged from his cabin, felled him to the deck. Eye-witnesses say that the hapless Russian attempted to rise, but the sailor kicked him overboard.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

Japanese Board a Russian
Torpedo-boat.

CAPTAIN CUT DOWN

And Kicked Overboard by a
Jap Jack Tar.

One of the most striking features of Thursday's engagements off Port Arthur was the fierce fight which took place between the opposing torpedo-boats.

There was no lack of dash or personal sacrifice on either side. Desperate bravery, heroic courage, and a reckless disregard of safety, characterised the seamen of both fleets engaged in the deadly encounter.

Though accounts differ as to the number of torpedo craft opposing each other, it is certain that two Russian boats, the Steregushchi and the Rechitelny, steamed out boldly and challenged a Japanese flotilla in command of Captain Shajiro Asai. Almost immediately the two Russian craft were surrounded, and a desperate conflict ensued, which lasted for over two hours.

A Feroocious Struggle.

Captain Asai forced the fight, and ordered his boats to get to close quarters. Nothing loth, his seamen pointed their vessels directly at the sturdy Russians, until they were well-nigh touching.

The Japanese boat Sasanomi got almost bow on to the Steregushchi, and here a dramatic scene was witnessed. Cutlass in hand, a Japanese sailor sprang on board the Russian vessel, and seeing the commander, Captain Sergieff, coming from his cabin, made instantly for him. The Russian officer, equally ready, made a spring for his assailant, but the Japanese was too quick for him, and, dealing the captain a terrific blow on the head with his cutlass, stretched him out on the deck. Vainly the Russian attempted to rise, and the Japanese swiftly completed his deadly work by kicking the prostrate body of the officer into the sea, where death put an end to his sufferings.

The Japanese sailors readily admit that the Russian seamen fought with the greatest bravery, and the ferocity of the struggle may be judged by the fact that when the Steregushchi was on the point of foundering, the bodies of twenty dead sailors were counted on her deck.

VANISHED FLEET.

Reported Flight of Port Arthur
Squadron.

According to reports current in Tokio, says Reuter, the Russian fleet left Port Arthur after Thursday's bombardment, and made for Vladivostok. These reports are, however, unconfirmed, although it is said that the Japanese scouts have been unable to discover any sign of the Russian fleet in the vicinity of the port.

Against this, it is stated on the authority of a foreigner who has reached Ying-kow, that the hostile fleets were engaged off Port Arthur on Sunday, when thirty shells were exchanged, and the Russian cruiser Diana damaged.

Yesterday a message was received at St. Petersburg from Port Arthur, stating that all was quiet there.

FROM HOUSEMAID TO ACTRESS.

Arée, Window Exit and its Sequel,
"Two Pounds a Week."

From an area window in Herne Hill pretty Maggie White, a housemaid of seventeen, crept in search of an opening in the theatrical world, and she has found it.

Her disappearance greatly perturbed her mother, who gave information to the police.

Maggie had arranged to meet on Friday a friend, who had promised to assist her to realise her ambition of going on the stage. So when her mistress refused her permission to go out, Maggie feigned illness, and afterwards made her escape from her bedroom. Joining a cousin, she visited a theatrical manager, and obtained an engagement then and there.

Back at her home yesterday, she listened with a smile on her face as her mother told a representative of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* how alarmed she had been at her daughter's disappearance.

"Why shouldn't I earn as much as cousin Maudie?" she asked, when her mother had finished giving an account of the girl's adventure.

Mrs. White, appealed to on the fiscal-question, laughed merrily. "I hope you will, my dear," she said. "You see, sir, that's what led her to it in a way. Her cousin, Maudie Francis, is only seven years old, but she's been earning £10 a week in a pantomime. Maggie will only get £2 a week, but that's better, after all, than service at a few pence a year. But, bless me, I don't know what girls are coming to in these days!"

POTATOES DEARER THAN GOLD.

At Spalding yesterday Mr. George Massey sold some small Eldorado potatoes at 42½ pence, per counce. Prices for this kind started at £20 a stone, but have since advanced to £1,400 per stone.

HEALTHS IN LEMONADE.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS AMONG THE
NAVAL CADETS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales crossed from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight yesterday and paid a visit to the Royal Naval College at Osborne.

When they left the dockyard in the Alberta, at half-past ten in the morning, there were no signs of submarines to be seen, for these little craft, which have so greatly interested the royal visitors, were away in the Channel, joining in manoeuvres with the Home Fleet.

At Cowes their Royal Highnesses were received by Captain Rosslyn Wemyss and some of the staff of the Royal Naval College. The royal visitors first drove to Kingston, where the cadets' engineering workshops are situated. The cadets were seen studying the practical part of their engineering work. The Prince and Princess were also shown over the adjacent laboratory, where practical chemistry was being taught.

Before luncheon with Captain Wemyss the royal visitors looked in at the cadets' dining-hall, the

M.P.'S DISTRACTED.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ADVOCATES
PURSUE THEM HOTLY.

The police at the corner of Parliament-street, whose duty it is to pilot M.P.'s in safety to the House, have worn an exceedingly worried look for days past. For this evening they will be in a state of nervous collapse.

The blame is at the door of Woman's Suffrage. Down Whitehall comes a distracted-looking gentleman in a ruffled silk hat and with the tails of his coat flapping violently behind him.

First he hurries forward, then he shelters behind a lamp-post, then another sudden rush. Eventually he is rescued from under the wheels of an omnibus.

He is a poor, unoffending member of Parliament trying to avoid the fascinating attentions of fair "women's rights," for to-day a Woman's Suffrage Resolution is to be brought before the House, and "lobbying" has developed during the last few days into "picketing" which would grace a well-organised strike.

The pile of letters which daily confronts the luckless M.P. has grown to alarming proportions. He is begged, he is ordered, asked, entreated, and

ONE FOR OLD IRELAND.



Mr. John Redmond, by a clever manoeuvre, got past the Government defence yesterday, and scored the first goal of the great Parliamentary match.

youngsters drinking the health of their Royal Highnesses in lemonade.

After lunch half an hour was spent in the officers' convalescent home at Osborne House, and on the return drive to the pier a visit was paid to the cadets' infirmary. Portsmouth was reached again at half-past five.

As the Prince was walking up to Admiralty House after landing the dockyard employees were just leaving their work.

In the evening the Prince and Princess witnessed a night attack on the port defences by destroyers. To-day the Prince will inspect the Royal Marine Artillery, of which corps he is Colonel-in-Chief, and her Royal Highness will lay the foundation-stone of the new marine chapel at Eastney in the afternoon.

CROWDED UNDERGROUND.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, answering Mr. Weir in the House of Commons yesterday, said it was acknowledged by the directors that at certain periods of the day the third-class carriages of trains on the Metropolitan Railway extension are frequently overcrowded. He had communicated with the railway company on the subject with a view to the provision of more accommodation on this line.

The company were now constructing corridor carriages, which, it was hoped, would relieve the pressure and obviate overcrowding. As soon as the electrification of the line was completed increased accommodation would be provided.

commanded, in every possible handwriting, to give his support to the all-important resolution which is to-day convulsing the feminine mind.

The daily consignment of begging letters is a positive relief. Even bills are welcome as breaking the monotony of these feminine outbursts.

Once he has escaped from the arguments of his wife and reached the shelter of the House of Commons, he is by no means safe, for the lobby has the look of Hyde Park on a Sunday morning.

"Of course you are supporting us?—Who's up now?—How's it going?—I've got Mr. Smith's promise.—Have you tackled Mr. Brown yet?" buzzes the crowd of franchise seekers.

Several well-known members are reported to have consulted Mr. Clarkson as to the possibility of reaching their seats in disguise.

MOTHER'S MAD ACT.

At an inquest at Burnley yesterday on a mother and two children dragged from the canal the evidence showed that the mother, Mary Wilkinson, who had been in feeble health and low spirits, took her two children—Emily, aged nine years, and Fred, seven months—on the canal bank and threw them in the water.

The girl was seen struggling in the water with a shawl over her head. When the body was recovered she was grasping a lead-pencil and paintbrush she had used at school.

A verdict of Double Murder and Suicide was returned.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carnarvon Street, London.

WEDDING EVE
TRAGEDIES.

Three Brides Die Mysterious
Deaths Just Before
Marriage.

The little seaside village of Trusthorpe, near Mablethorpe, in Lincolnshire is excited over a tragic discovery which may have romantic developments.

Yesterday the body of a lady named Miss Loft, belonging to Mablethorpe, was found floating in the water, the discovery being made by Miss Francis, of Newstead Lodge, Mablethorpe, whilst walking on the beach.

The constabulary who were summoned tried an official respiration, but without avail.

Miss Loft was to have left Mablethorpe to-day to be married.

Excitement Causes Death.

Two cases were before London coroners yesterday in which prospective brides had died under tragic circumstances on the very eve of marriage. In one instance death was due to great excitement acting on the brain; in the other to suicide.

Annie Louisa Bungard, aged twenty-six, of whom Mr. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquest at the London Hospital, was to have been married to-day Monday. Early on Sunday morning she came home with her lover, and her mother complained about her being late. The girl then made a request which her mother felt bound to refuse. As a result the daughter showed temper and swept some of her wedding presents into the fireplace and handed back her engagement ring to her sweetheart. She then ran out of the house.

He followed her, and saw her suddenly fall. She was taken to the hospital, where she died from a hemorrhage brought on by excitement.

The girl's sweetheart said she seemed to have taken it very much to heart that she could not afford to buy a wedding dress.

Suicide on the Line.

The other inquest was held by Mr. Schroeder, at Islington, on Ellen Louisa Gardiner, the daughter of a Hoxton publican. She was to have been married on Sunday morning last to a man named Wells, a gelatine cutter. On Saturday morning, while proceeding with a younger sister to work she complained of not feeling well, and said she would go home.

The same morning, as a train steamed into Finsbury Park Station, she was seen to take a running leap on to the line. She was struck with great force by the engine and instantly killed. She had recently been strange in her manner at times.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

FROM THE HONEYMOON.

Prince and Princess Alexander
Return on a Motor-Car.

Esher was en fête yesterday to welcome the return of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck from their honeymoon, which was spent chiefly at Cannes.

After reaching London on Monday they passed the night at Marlborough House, and left for Esher in one of the royal motor-cars yesterday afternoon. Wherever they were recognised en route they were heartily greeted.

There was no formal reception by the inhabitants of the village, but the streets were gaily decorated with flags, and groups of residents gave the young couple a hearty welcome as they passed.

In front of the entrance to Claremont Palace a pretty triumphal arch, composed of evergreens and flags, with the inscription "Welcome Home," had been erected.

MODELS OF STYLE.

How the Young Idea Is Taught in
Ireland.

Irish children, says Mr. F. H. Hale, an English Government school inspector, are taught in a very mechanical way.

In an official report he says in one school girls of twelve were set to copy the following character specimens of English composition:

"Many a single word is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual." One wonders what the children thought of it all.

Some boys again were given the following passage to copy: "The brain of a true Caledonian, I am not mistaken, is constituted on quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. When it came to composing a letter, these same boys produced such sentences as this:—

"Dear Sir,—I spent yesterday in the following way:—First, by going mass, and when I came home and eat my breakfast."

They had evidently not profited by the study of the classical style of writing.

DRIFTING PASSENGERS SAFE.

All the boats which put off from the disabled liner Aramac, which struck on Breaksea Spit, Queensland, on Sunday, are now safe, according to a Reuter telegram from Brisbane. The Aramac has been towed into Maryborough with the captain and nine of the crew on board, so that all the missing passengers and the crew are accounted for.

Sixty pounds for a five-guinea piece! That was the highest price paid for any one coin at yesterday's sale of the fourth portion of the Murdoch collection of coins.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Southerly winds; foggy and cold early; raining during the latter half of the day. Lighting-up time: 7.5 p.m. Sea passages in the south and east will be smooth to moderate; rough in the west.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

On a vote of £29,500 for National Education in Ireland being considered in the Commons, Mr. J. Redmond moved its reduction by £100. A division resulted in the defeat of the Government by eleven votes amid some excitement. Subsequently the House proceeded to the discussion of other matters. (Page 1.)

Reports current at Tokio state that the Russian fleet left Port Arthur after the last bombardment for Vladivostok. This is so far unconfirmed. A message which reached St. Petersburg yesterday stated that all was well at Port Arthur. (Page 2.)

Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, son of Sir William Harcourt, was yesterday returned unopposed in the Radical interest for the Rosendale Division of Lancashire. (Page 3.)

Respecting the alleged blackmail in the Navy, we are assured by Mr. A. B. Hearn, solicitor, of Chatham, in a letter, that the naval police are anxious for an inquiry to be held. (Page 4.)

Two buses were wrecked in a remarkable collision at Praed-street, Paddington. Fortunately there were few passengers, none of whom were more than badly shaken. (Page 5.)

Dr. H. S. Revell, a well-known Wandsworth practitioner, was yesterday summoned at the South-Western Police Court for obtaining money from the Wandsworth and Clapham Guardians by means of false pretences. Counsel having explained the case for the prosecution, the hearing was adjourned. (Page 6.)

With a view to studying the convenience of the public the Postmaster-General announces the issue of small books, each containing twenty-four penny stamps. The price is 2s. 0½d. (Page 4.)

An unsuccessful action for slander was brought by Mrs. E. Johnson, a public-house manageress, before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday. (Page 6.)

"M.P.'s and their Hats" is the subject of a specially-illustrated article which appears in this issue. (Page 11.)

In the High Court yesterday, giving evidence in support of a claim for damages for alleged wrongful dismissal, Mr. R. B. Johnston, a mining engineer, told an exciting story of life in Colombia. (Page 6.)

Three cases of sudden death on the eve of weddings are reported, the victims all of them women. One committed suicide. (Page 2.)

In an interview, Mr. James Casey, the marine engineer, explained the advantages that will obtain to London from the River Barrage scheme at Gravesend, a Bill for the authorisation of which is to be introduced into Parliament next year. (Page 9.)

We publish some interesting facts respecting "The Apostles," Dr. Elgar's new work, performed last night at Covent Garden Theatre. (Page 3.)

In order that the police may check the speed of the scorching motorist, reliable stop-watches have been issued to inspectors in the outlying districts. (Page 3.)

Stephenson's engine, the "Invicta," which Sir David Salomons has offered to the L.C.C., is to be placed on a suitable pedestal at the Lambeth end of Westminster Bridge. (Page 5.)

While travelling in an express train between Budapest and Szegedin, a lady was chloroformed by an unknown passenger, and robbed of £400. (Page 9.)

Statistics compiled for the Hornsey Borough Council show that 570 children, including ninety-one girls, attending school full time, are employed out of school hours. (Page 13.)

Mrs. Hargrave, sister to the late Mr. James Taylor, the eccentric testator, was yesterday found by the Probate Court to be entitled to his fortune. The case had occupied several days. (Page 6.)

At Marylebone Police Court yesterday the West-minster dressmaker, Victoria Maud James, charged with the theft of a Coronation robe value £40, was committed for trial. (Page 6.)

The M.C.C. wound up their Australian tour with a brilliant victory over South Australia. Re- sulting 183 runs to win, this number was obtained for the loss of "Plum" Warner's wicket. The English captain gives his opinion on the tour. (Page 14.)

Inquisitor, Lord Coventry's Grand National can- didate, won the Elvaston Steeplechase at Derby yesterday in fine style, his victory being very popular. (Page 14.)

There was a good tendency on 'Change yester- day. Leading investment stocks remained firm and the American market took a turn for the bet- ter. Consequent upon cheerful bourses, Foreign stocks were all satisfactory. There was not much business done in Kafirs. (Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

The Princess of Wales lays the foundation-stone of the new Royal Marine Artillery Church at Eastney. Her Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales.
The Lord Mayor presides at the founders' day meet- ing of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road.
The Institution of Civil Engineers: Annual dinner at Grosvenor Hall, Sir William H. White, president, in the chair.
The Rev. Evelyn presides at the annual meeting of the Women's Local Government Society, Caxton Hall, West- minster.
East Dorset Election: Polling.
Royal Meteorological Society: Mr. R. H. Curtis on "Water Vapour," Institution of Civil Engineers, 7,30.
Lord Armstrong presides at the annual meeting of the House of Charity.
Lord Brassey presides at the annual general meeting of the Royal Naval Lifeboat Institution, Royal United Service Institution, 3.

ROYAL RITES IN KOREA.



Weird was the ceremony accompanying the funeral of the Dowager Empress of Korea at Seoul on Monday. All night thousands of lantern bearers, soldiers, and white-robed natives sat around a huge bonfire outside the west gate of the city. At dawn the Emperor arrived, retiring to a canvas pavilion to perform his devotions. When the procession was formed an empty bier, for the "Great Devil," preceded that containing the remains of the Dowager Empress.

"THE APOSTLES."

Dr. Elgar's Brilliant New Work at Covent Garden.

The greatest work of Dr. Edward Elgar came to Covent Garden Opera House last night by way of Birmingham and Germany, a decidedly round-about journey. It represents the thought of many years and the undivided work of a twelvemonth.

Dr. Elgar has treated as ordinary mortals St. John, St. Peter, and Judas, who, with Jesus, the Virgin, the Angel, and Mary Magdalene, make up the seven characters of the libretto which, with the exception of one passage from the Talmud, has been taken from the Bible.

The libretto is divided into two parts. The first a prologue and three sections, each of which is further subdivided into what may be regarded as scenes. The whole trend of the composition proves that Dr. Elgar is the most brilliant champion of the National School of Composition which is beginning to bloom in England.

"LULU, M.P."

To Be Introduced Into Parliament by His Father.

In view of the impending retirement of that distinguished Parliamentary fighter, Sir William Harcourt, it is interesting to record the unopposed return of his son, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, as member for the Rosendale Division yesterday.

Mr. Harcourt is the eldest son of Sir William Harcourt, and is at present very little known in political life. Nevertheless, he has had a good training.

For many years Mr. Harcourt has acted as his father's secretary, and has assisted in the preparation of not a few of those telling speeches which the veteran has delivered in all parts of the country.

Mr. Harcourt is a popular young man and the husband of a charming American lady who was Miss May Burns.

To-morrow Mr. Harcourt will take his seat in the House for the first time, and as he will be introduced by his distinguished father there is every probability of a striking scene.

RELIABLE STOP-WATCHES.

Police in London Ready for the "Scorching" Motorist.

The usual defence adopted by motorists summoned for furious driving is that police stop-watches are unreliable.

In the Metropolitan police district, however, chronographs of the very latest pattern have been issued to the inspectors in the outlying divisions, such as Richmond, Kew, Hounslow, and Finchley, usually patronised by the "scorchers." These watches are of a different type to those used by country constables, and are provided with a new kind of stop press or button, fixed on the top of the watch, by which the seconds-hand is regulated with accuracy.

The Office of Works also ordered a number of the same watches for the London park-keepers.

His Highness the Nawab of Dir has had a paralytic stroke, from which he is not expected to recover.

BLIND COMPOSER.

Produces a Cantata Before a Blind Audience.

In one of the leafy lanes of Edgbaston stands the Birmingham Institution for the Blind, a little city of the sightless so self-contained in work and play that it has just produced its own composer.

On Monday evening the blind musician's maiden effort, a cantata entitled "The Centurion's Servant," was sung by blind soloists, a chorus of the blind, with blind instrumentalists, and an audience

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is still making favourable progress towards recovery.

Lectures on public health are being organised by the Stepney Borough Council.

When the King and Queen visit the town of Watford on May 2 the corporation will present an address of welcome.

With a view to adopting extra fire precautions and constructing new stations at Regent's Park, Kennington-road, and Edgware-road, the promoters of the Baker-street and Waterloo Railway yesterday

Mr. Balfour presided at a Cabinet meeting at the Foreign Office yesterday afternoon.

For the first time in the history of Argentina a Socialist has obtained a seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

Dover has been granted a South African war trophy in the form of a 16-m.m. breach-loading Krupp gun.

Much amusement was caused at the meeting of the London County Council by the reading of a letter from the Board of Education approving the

BEAUTIFUL BUT WARLIKE.



Milie E. J. Kusza, this handsome artiste of the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera, has offered her salary for six months to the fund for increasing the Russian Fleet.

most of whom also lacked the precious gift of sight.

Critics were present in force and were delighted, as "The Centurion's Servant" was an immediate success.

At the institution yesterday a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative found the composer, Mr. Frederick Priest, A.R.C.O., filled with a calm and modest satisfaction at the reception of his first effort. People were even then ringing him up on the telephone with congratulations, but Mr. Priest obviously thought more of the achievement than the praise, and smiled quietly behind his inscrutable black spectacles. He is a slight, fair young man of twenty-one, with a well-shaped head and the sensitive features of the natural musician.

Explaining his method, Mr. Priest showed a wooden frame crossed by punctured strips of brass, by the aid of which music may be slowly and painfully embossed on paper by the Braille notation.

"When an idea comes to me," he said, "I write out the melody, first keeping the accompaniment in my head until it is fully worked out. When I play it over it is practically complete."

That was the manner of the composition of his cantata. One day he translated it to Mr. Gaul, the composer of the "Holy City." "I say," said the composer enthusiastically, "this is good stuff, you know," and so Mr. Priest became a published composer on his own account, and though he cannot enjoy the pleasure of seeing his work in print he has the greater satisfaction of knowing that it is being performed.

applied to a House of Commons Committee for sanction to borrow £384,000 additional capital. The Committee's decision was deferred.

After forty years' service in the Navy, Lieutenant T. G. Mobbs, a veteran who rose from the ranks, has just retired.

"Good nursing is often very much better than good physic," said the Lord Mayor at the annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society yesterday.

Private claims by British subjects, arising out of the Boxer rising in China, have been reduced from £1,606,277 to £736,906 on examination by the British Claims Commission.

The steamer *Pennsylvania*, from Hamburg for New York, sailed from Plymouth yesterday with hundreds of Russians, Finns, and Poles, who are emigrating from Russia to escape military service.

Her Majesty the Queen has sent a message of congratulation to Mrs. Matilda Watling, an inmate of the sick ward of Wickwood Workhouse, Norfolk, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday.

Are we threatened with a Chinese labour problem at home? Mr. John Wilson will to-morrow ask the Home Secretary if he is aware that in Lanarkshire there are over two thousand foreign workmen employed, who were brought into this country and, never having seen a coal mine before a safety-lamp was put in their hands, were sent to work in fiery mines.

Council's education scheme, "not, however, without an expression of regret."

One of the latest developments of Bridge, says the "Tatler," is to conduct the game by means of the post, on the same principle as correspondence chess.

To enable the elimination trial for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car races to be held in the Isle of Man, a Bill was passed through both Chambers of the Manx Legislature yesterday.

Antwerp now occupies the leading position as regards tonnage among the ports of the Continent of Europe. It also stands third on the list of the world's ports as regards ocean-going traffic.

Representations will be made by the Royal Statistical Society to the Government as to the desirability of taking a complete census of the metropolis as a whole in the year 1906, instead of waiting until 1911.

At an inquest yesterday at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, upon the body of Hannah Morley, seventy-four, it was shown she died through being tossed by a cow which was being driven with its calf to a local sale.

The Home Secretary has appointed Lord Belper and three other members a committee to consider and report whether any alteration of the boundaries of the Metropolitan Police Court districts, where they extend into the county of Middlesex, is desirable.

"BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY."

Chatham Naval Police Anxious For an Enquiry.

We have received the following letter from Mr. A. Booth Hearn, solicitor, of Chatham, and gladly put it before our readers:—

"I have been consulted" (Mr. Hearn says) "by the two senior Masters-at-Arms acting on behalf of the whole of the naval police stationed at the port of Chatham. My clients instruct me that you have given publicity to an alleged state of things which has no existence in fact, and they bitterly complain that your articles going forth to the world are calculated to do an immense amount of harm to them and their prospects, and bring discredit upon an honourable branch of the naval service which has often thankless and very difficult tasks to perform."

"So far as the port of Chatham is concerned, I am instructed to challenge the whole of your statements. All my clients are prepared, if necessary, to deny them, and they would welcome a Court-martial or Court of inquiry as to their conduct, as they feel that, as no specific charge against any person has been made in your statements, and, further, the naval regulations forbid their entering into controversial matters, they are left without any remedy or answer to your charges, unless an official inquiry is held, which they cannot demand as matters stand."

Abuse is Not Argument.

The next thing is for the Admiralty to inquire into the truth of the allegations made, not only in the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, but in "Truth," and in a service paper. We may add that our attention was first called to the matter by an officer serving at Chatham. It was then put into the hands of a retired naval officer for investigation, with the result that we decided to give publicity to the complaints brought to our notice.

So far the above letter is the only serious communication which we have received on the other side, though we printed yesterday letters confirming our statements. It is true that Mr. George Crowe, one of the two senior Masters-at-Arms referred to by Mr. Hearn, has addressed us on the subject in his own person, but his effusion could hardly be called serious. It consists in equal parts of abuse and autobiography. Argument is absent altogether.

Mr. Crowe gives a list of books he has published, states that he pays income-tax, although his naval pay is only £100 a year, and adds: "I also keep a servant, but no dogs, cats, pigs, birds, or other animals, as my wife does not like them. I belong to the Conservative Club, and pay 2s. a quarter for the privilege. I am not a teetotaler, nor a member of the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Society. I have lunched at Princes' in Piccadilly, the St. James's; dinner at Holborn Restaurant; and always have a good time in town."

All of which throws light upon the nature of a senior Master-at-Arms, but otherwise is hardly to the point.

SINGING MACHINES.

Once a Toy, Now a Necessity in Daily Life.

The uses of the phonograph are becoming daily more numerous. A few years ago it was an amusing toy, to-day it is a common feature of office furniture, and is fast replacing the shorthand-writer for the dictation of letters.

The gramophone, too, is becoming a part of daily life, and singers and instrumentalists alike have come to admit the perfection of the modern instrument.

It is not every lover of music, however, who can afford the outlay necessary to purchase a first-class machine, and to meet the convenience of music-lovers of this class the Columbia Phonograph Company, of 89, Great Eastern-street, E.C., have arranged a scheme by which their instruments can be purchased on the instalment plan.

The records which the company has prepared, and to which they are constantly adding, are a special feature of the company. Nothing is too large or too small for them to grapple in the way of obtaining records, and the excellent construction of their instruments is, of course, well known.

POST OFFICE ENTERPRISE.

Postage Stamps Sold in Convenient Form.

The Postmaster-General, with an eye to business, has issued books containing twenty-four penny stamps, which were on sale at all offices yesterday for 2s. 0½d.

The book is bound in a neat little red cover, decorated with a crown and the King's monogram, and is about the size of the little books of postage stamps sold by chemists.

There are four pages, containing six penny stamps each, interleaved to prevent them sticking together. Information on rates of postage, etc., is printed on the cover.

This plan of selling stamps is in operation in America, where it is very popular, for it keeps them from getting soiled or torn, and as they are in a separate case of their own they are always handy and ready for use.

FALSE CALL TO ARMS.

Some thousand recruits in a Swiss garrison-town are looking for two practical jokers who turned them out on a cold night in full marching order. The jokers walked into the guard room with an order supposed to be signed by the commanding officer. The bugles woke the recruits from sleep, and with a great deal of grumbling officers and men turned out, when a message arrived from the commanding officer saying he had given no orders and there was some mistake. A bad quarter of an hour's waiting, the jokers, but they have disappeared without leaving any traces.



Some two thousand ladies spreading the

BIG HAT TENDENCY.

Ladies' Spreading the Embarrassing tid Conductor

There is little or no hope of the Vicar of Shalldon, the size of ladies' hats, which has from properly administering the year to be larger than ever.

They are extending their directions, and not only are they long and high as well. The creation measures something like this, draped with a veil reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt with waving plumes, is a veritable hat-growth, for it will be in wearing such headgear to get or four-wheelers.

As it is now, in an omnibus the conductor between the bus and the bus is literally to crawl beneath one end of his 'bus to the other end, and overlapping from one side, so as to form a sort of umbrella, which will be done away with or made into luggage, the hat-boxes now bigger than the dress-trunks.

There is no further need for wearing a new "smart," which, a lady now is indistinguishable from my own daughter, waited a lady to fashionable, had gone the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* had gone to glean information the hats smaller again."

MAIL IN THE NAVY."

Naval Police Anxious For an Enquiry.

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THE TSARITSA'S SEWING CLASS.



Some two thousand ladies are now sewing warm garments for the Tsar's soldiers, using for their workrooms the spacious halls of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. The Tsaritsa herself walks from group to group, chatting with the ladies and encouraging them in their charitable labours.

(Drawn from cable descriptions to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror.")

BIG HAT TERROR.

Ladies' Spreading Headgear is Embarrassing the 'Bus Conductor.

There is little or no hope for the reverend gentleman, the Vicar of Shaldon, who complains of the size of ladies' hats, which, he says, prevent him from properly administering the Holy Chalice, for alas! fashion has decreed that hats are this year to be larger than ever. They are extending their circumference in all directions, and not only are they wide, but now long and high as well. The very newest Paris creation measures something like three feet across. This, draped with a veil reaching down the back, nearly to the bottom of the skirt, and decorated with waving plumes, is a veritable terror. If hats grow any larger, special cabs will have to be built, for it will be impossible for ladies wearing such headgear to get inside a hansom or four-wheeler.

As it is now, in an omnibus in the West End the conductor between the hours of three and five has literally to crawl beneath a roof of hats from one end of his 'bus to the other, the brims touching and overlapping from the ladies seated on either side, so as to form quite a floral avenue. Worse than that, umbrellas will either have to be done away with or made much larger, and as to luggage, the hat-boxes now are being designed bigger than the dress-trunks. There is no further need for disguises now; wearing a new "smart," which means colossal, hat, a lady now is indistinguishable. "I did not wailed a lady to a fashionable milliner, to whose salon the Daily Illustrated Mirror representative had gone to glean information; "please make the hats smaller again."

MELODY AS MEDICINE.

Trombones No Panacea for an Aching Tooth.

An American doctor asserts that music has high curative powers. After diagnosing a patient he prescribes "Tannhauser," "Wagner," or "Beethoven," according to the symptoms.

The idea is not new. The curative powers of music were put to a practical test in this country some two hundred years ago, and some ten or twelve years ago an attempt was made by Canon Harford, one of the Minor Canons of Westminster Abbey, to revive the treatment. He founded an association to supply hospitals with musical instruments, to be used in the wards.

But the scheme collapsed, principally through lack of support from the medical authorities, who evidently did not believe in melody as a medicine.

In conversation with a Daily Illustrated Mirror representative yesterday an eminent musician said no doubt music might be used to great advantage in the treatment of some patients. But he did not think the practice would ever become general in our hospitals, for though it might be adopted with great benefit in cases of nervous debility, it would be a nuisance rather than otherwise in a great many other cases.

For example, a trombone solo would hardly be a panacea for a severe attack of toothache.

INFLAMMABLE COLLAR.

In a café in St. Gall some young men placed a fool's cap on one of their number's head and set it alight. A spark fell on the victim's collar, which was made of celluloid, and burst into flame. In an instant the young man's head was a mass of flame, and he was horribly burnt before the fire was put out.

The victim was conveyed to the hospital at St. Gall, where he lies in a precarious state.

STEPHENSON'S "INVICTA."

Pioneer Railway Engine to Adorn a London Bridge.

The "Invicta," which Sir David Salomons has offered to present to the London County Council to be placed in a prominent position in the County of London, was one of the first locomotives used in this country.

It was built by Stephenson at Newcastle, and began work in 1830. Constructed on the same lines as the well-known "Rocket," it was actually in use before the "Rocket."

The "Invicta" before many weeks will be placed on a suitable pedestal at the Lambeth end of Westminster Bridge. The "Invicta" was the first engine placed on the Whitstable Railway (now part of the South-Eastern system). It was intended for work between Whitstable and Bogs Hall, a distance of 2½ miles, but the gradients of Church-street Bank were too heavy for it, and its work was confined to a level fully a mile long, on which it could run a gross load of twenty tons at a speed of ten miles an hour.

About the year 1838 the boiler, which was multi-tubular, was altered; but with the new boiler the engines were never able to produce steam, and the "Invicta" was supplanted by horses until the year 1845, when the South-Eastern took over the line.

CARLTON AUTOGRAPHS.

The interesting collection of autographs, from which extracts were published in yesterday's Mirror, had a very curious origin. Mr. Barioni, the superintendent of the Carlton Grill Room, had so many "bon mots" written on menus by his distinguished guests that he decided to get a book and keep them permanently. He is now the fortunate possessor of perhaps the most amusing collection of autographs in London.

OMNIBUS SMASH.

What Happened When the Victoria Met the Islington in Praed-street.

A curious accident occurred in Praed-street about ten o'clock yesterday morning, a Victoria 'bus colliding with an Islington 'bus with such violence as completely to wreck both vehicles.

The driver of another omnibus who witnessed the accident said that he had never seen such a smash before. Fortunately there were few passengers and none of them received more than a bad shaking, though the driver had a very narrow escape, but after being treated at the hospital he returned to his work.

"I saw our company's 'bus come racing along from the Edgware-road corner," said the Daily Illustrated Mirror's informant, "with the bridle off one of the 'orses, and it was pretty plain there was no stopping them. What few passengers there weren't slow in gettin' off. I 'ear one of them got his shins badly barked. When they met the London General 'bus there was a fine smash. The Victoria bounced across to one side of the road and Islington lay on the other side, the two of 'em blocking the traffic for some time. They didn't go over, but the wheels were all smashed up, and both had dropped down behind."

"It takes a lot to knock one of these machines over, I can tell you, and as a rule even a brewer's dray won't do more than scratch the paint off the wheels; you can judge the red 'bus must have been travelling fairly. There's a lot of weight underneath a 'bus, and I believe there's some kind of regulation that compels the builders to put a kind of balance beneath the flooring; anyway, I know that only what you might call a double cannon will upset one."

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

BEHIND THE BAR.

Manageress with a Distinguished Career Brings an Unsuccessful Slander Action.

Mr. Robertson: Your lordship has heard of these whiskies (Johnny Walker, Dewar's, Buchanan, etc.)?

Mr. Justice Darling: No, I know nothing at all about them. (Loud laughter.)

The above question and answer occurred during the hearing of a slander action in King's Bench Court III. yesterday, and supplied a beautiful illustration of the gratifying judicial truth that our judges, although thoroughly well informed about all matters that properly come under their cognisance, know nothing—as judges—of what may be called extraneous things. Ever since a famous judge asked, "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" this dignified tradition has been nobly upheld.

Yet Mr. Justice Darling was obliged to make a temporary acquaintance with whisky in some of its esoteric bearings in the suit under consideration, and was even introduced, in imagination only, of course, to the interior of a saloon bar. The saloon bar was that of the Mason's Arms, Harrow-road, where the plaintiff in the action, Mrs. Emmeline Johnson, presided for some time as manageress.

Before his lordship was taken into the saloon bar the career of the manageress was sketched by Mr. Robertson, her counsel, and a very distinguished career it proved to be. Nineteen years ago Mrs. Johnson was manageress of the bar at Swindon station. Then she was the presiding genius at the refreshment-bar of the Mansion House station. The Horseshoe, Tottenham Court-road, claimed her services next, to be its leading lady, and after that the Angel, Islington, had the destinies of its numerous bars ruled by her.

Attains the Zenith.

The manageress-ship of the Chandos, which succeeded, led to yet higher things, and eventually Mrs. Johnson held a licence of her own, at the Red Lion, Basinghall-street, after she had been part-proprietress of the King's Head, Leicester-square.

What Mr. Robertson went on to say hardly seemed credible. He stated that Mr. Copper, proprietor of the Mason's Arms mentioned above, had slandered this distinguished manageress.

With her husband she had been employed by Mr. Copper to manage that well-known hostelry, and then trouble unfortunately arose between them. Mr. Copper's version of the cause of this trouble was that Mrs. Johnson was too fond of demonstrating the excellence of the liquid fare supplied by personal indulgence in it. An alleged public announcement of this view was one of the slanders complained of.

Mrs. Johnson on her side explains the rupture of friendly relations by declaring that she was greatly grieved at the manner in which the Mason's Arms stocks of "Johnny Walker," "Dewar's," and "Buchanan's" were compelled to associate in the same bottles with spirit distilled in Mile End.

It was while this alleged association was being discussed that Mr. Justice Darling delighted the Court by his freedom from all technical knowledge with regard to whisky.

Mile End Brandy.

But his Lordship somewhat spoilt the effect by showing an acquaintance with the manufacture of brandy. He pointed out that Mile End brandy was an anomaly, as there were no vineyards in Mile End.

After this digression the story of Mrs. Johnson's manageress-ship was proceeded with. She ceased to be manageress of the Mason's Arms, and Mr. Copper, so she says, threatened to have her removed from her post by a policeman.

She did make the acquaintance of a policeman, for after applying before Mr. Rose, at the West London Police Court, she took a constable with her to the Mason's Arms to demand the return of a deed-box which she had left behind. At this point of the story Mr. Justice Darling was introduced to the Mason's Arms saloon bar. Photos of it were handed up, and it was explained that Mr. Copper, with some other persons—who they were and how many was disputed—was sitting therein. When Mrs. Johnson and the constable appeared, and the lady told her story and made her demand, he too declared that he would have to consult Mr. Rose.

"You have embezzled £23 of my money," were some of the unpleasant words Mr. Copper then spoke to her. Mrs. Johnson says, and these words formed slander number two.

Protective Feeding.

The only excuse Mr. Copper had, according to Mrs. Johnson, for making this remark, was that she had got behind in her accounts. She found eight shillings a week per head insufficient to feed her staff. They had to be fed well to keep them from drinking—the very thing Mr. Copper professed to object to so much.

Mr. Justice Darling: There is a vacuum that has to be filled somehow.

Cross-examined by Mr. Gill, Mrs. Johnson made many denials. She denied that she had been carried to her bedroom under the influence of whisky, and she denied that a whisky bottle had been found in her bed.

Although a barman afterwards stated in the witness-box that three bottles of "Johnny Walker" had, to his personal knowledge, been expended on six bottles of "Johnny Walker," by the help of a Mile End distillery, Mr. Copper, giving evidence, stoutly denied that adulteration had taken place.

The case ended in a verdict in Mr. Copper's favour.

SAD THOUGHTS OF SUMMER.

Said a defendant at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday: Trade is bad enough now, but as the summer comes on of course it will be worse.

Mr. Avory (for plaintiff): I don't know. We might not have any summer.

Judge Edge: Don't anticipate that. It makes one feel depressed.

ECCENTRIC TESTATOR.

Sister Makes Good Her Claim to His Property.

The last has been heard in the Probate Court of the eccentricities of the late Mr. James Taylor, for the jury that has been listening to his sad story found yesterday that, in spite of the fact that for the forty years before his death he was in a lunatic asylum, yet he was of sound mind when he made his will in 1859.

Mrs. Hargrave, his sister, therefore gets the whole of his fortune of £3,500, and his two

DOCTOR CHARGED WITH FRAUD.

Strange Story of False Vaccination Certificates.

Dr. H. S. Revell, a well-known Wandsworth practitioner, residing at The Briars, West-hill, answered, at the South-Western Police Court, yesterday, a summons charging him with signing a false certificate of vaccination and obtaining five shillings from the Wandsworth and Clapham Guardians by means of false pretences. Mr. Bodkin appeared in support of the summons, and Mr. C. Matthews defended. Counsel explained that defendant had for a long time acted as

IN THE GREAT COIN CASE.



Ralph Appleton, who is under arrest in connection with the discovery of coining apparatus in Westminster, once lived at 40, Cranmer-road, Brixton. He worked at night in this shed at the bottom of the garden, and here the police have now found coining implements, electric appliances, and a forge.

(From a photo specially taken for the "Daily Illustrated Mirror.")

brothers, who contested the will, have failed to share the money.

The following exploits and idiosyncrasies, on the evidence of old soldiers, were yesterday added to the already long list of Mr. Taylor's peculiarities.

1. When going to Belfast with his regiment he wanted to take a header from the ship.

2. When on parade he stuck his sword into the ground and broke it.

3. In Dublin he made the picket run round and round the barrack courtyard at the double to amuse him.

4. The regiment called him "Jimmy Ducks," "because he was so soft."

5. With nothing on except his undergarments he asked a sentry round the waist and tried to disarm him. The sentry saved himself by thrusting the lieutenant into the sentry-box.

6. He was arrested because he insisted on riding the adjutant's horse.

One of the old veterans who were responsible for the above reminiscences was so infirm that he had to be carried into court, and propped up in a chair opposite the jury-box.

THE MIND OF A SUICIDE.

While suffering from consumption Robert Shiels, thirty-eight, a Chelsea plumber, ended his life by jumping in front of a train at Stamford Bridge.

At the inquest yesterday the following letter found in his pocket was read:—"I am going wrong in my head. I don't know what I am doing, but God help me. Don't worry. It will be better than living long, especially for Ted (his brother). I hope God will pay him for what he has done for me. Tell my sister to give the tool-bag and tools to Jim, as they belong to him. Wishing Jim better luck than I have had."

Suicide while of unsound mind was the verdict.

Violet Beatty, of Manchester, was sent to prison for twelve months at Dublin yesterday for stealing a purse on the cross-channel steamer Hibernian.

Children in the Hampstead Workhouse are to be provided with a toothbrush each, and are to be trained to use it in class drill.

PART II.

READY NEXT FRIDAY.

"Japan's Fight for Freedom."

By the Author of "With the Flag to Pretoria."

A Stirring Narrative of the Russo-Japanese War, superbly Illustrated and Beautifully Printed.

Another Edition of Part I. will also be on sale NEXT FRIDAY.

6d. Every Fortnight.

Your Newsagent should have your Order TO-DAY for Parts I. and II.

LIFE IN A REPUBLIC.

Mining Superintendent Tells of His Exciting Experiences in Colombia.

In support of a claim for damages on account of his alleged wrongful dismissal by the Frontino and Bolivia Gold Mining Company, Mr. Robert Barker Johnston, a mining engineer, yesterday, gave Mr. Justice Grantham and a special jury, sitting in the King's Bench Division, some insight into the exciting incidents which contribute to relieve life in a South American Republic from any charge of monotony.

The particular republic in this instance was Colombia, where the company held large territory. Mr. Johnston, who had held many important positions as mining superintendent, took up a post in this capacity on the company's mine in December, 1898, signing a three years' agreement. The lack of tranquillity which characterised Colombia led the Frontino Company to obtain Mr. Johnston's signature to a clause in the agreement binding him to respect the laws of the country and to refrain from taking any part in its political affairs.

When Mr. Johnston arrived at the mines in January, 1899, he immediately found serious insubordination there, and was compelled to dismiss three men.

Hunting for Deserters.

Things went well for a time, but eventually a revolution broke out, and lasted from that year till 1902, during which period Mr. Johnston had the utmost difficulty in keeping the mines going, owing mainly to the belligerents coming upon the mining property, sometimes in order to look for supposed deserters, and at others to take away those who would go under the respective flags. Still he managed to keep the mines going at a profit, and so pleased, according to his counsel, were the defendants with him that they renewed his agreement, and considerably increased his remuneration.

He afterwards went home on a holiday. In September he was suddenly summoned before the board of directors, who accused him of having broken his agreement by having sided with the revolutionaries, and in the end the board wrote and told him he was dismissed. An entire denial to the charge of having been hostile to the republic was given by Mr. Johnston.

In the course of his evidence Mr. Johnston told the Court that there was insubordination by the men owing to the food supplied to them. That food, he said, consisted of beef and pork, killed every day, and sometimes they had duck.

His Lordship: What did they grumble at? Well, they wanted tinned meat instead. What drink did they have? White rum; but no white man could drink it. We got wine and beer, but that was very bad stuff, too.

Every Shade of Colour.

In answer to other questions the witness said the people he had to deal with were of almost every breed, from black up to white—in fact, all shades. When the recruiting parties came to the mines, when they could not seize the men they required they shot them down in cold blood.

Mr. Hume Williams, for the defendants, read a long document, in which a Governor of Colombia alleged that the witness was prejudiced against the Government.

Mr. Johnston said he agreed that one of the many Governors might have said this (Laughter.) His Lordship: Do you ask us to believe all the things said by a Governor of this particular country?

Mr. Hume Williams said he thought there were gentlemen in that country who could be termed honourable.

His Lordship said he agreed.

The case was adjourned.

WALKING OUT WITH A POLICEMAN.

A housemaid who had made a young policeman's acquaintance while she was in service in Earl's Court-road summoned him at Westminster Police Court yesterday on the ground that he should contribute to the maintenance of her child.

The defendant gave an emphatic denial to the allegations made by the girl. He was not fond of her, he said, and never kissed her.

The Housemaid's Solicitor: Then, what on earth did you do?

Defendant: We just walked along. I never even took her arm. We used to talk about the weather.

Mr. Horace Smith dismissed the summons.

WIFE'S DECEIT CONDONED.

Judge Addison at Southwark County Court yesterday heard the case of a scaffolder, his wife, and two children, who had been obliged, through circumstances of the man's employment, to reside in a rough neighbourhood.

Desiring to take a flat in a more respectable district, the wife, knowing that refusal would follow if the address were given, gave that of her brother-in-law. Their real identity came out later in legal proceedings.

The Judge observed that if there was any form of deceit with which one could have sympathy it was the deceit practised in that case.

SERVANTS AND THE LAW.

To a servant who complained at West London that her employer had detained her boxes, she having left because the place did not suit her, the magistrate observed that the law relating to domestics was complicated. In the country the custom apparently was different to that in London, where a servant must serve the first month out and then give a fortnight's notice. Applicant could not walk out of a boarding-house without regarding anyone else's convenience. If she wanted her box she must go to a civil court.

News has been received from Madagascar of the sudden death of Mr. Stratton Cuthbert Knott, British Vice-Consul at Majunga, while on a boating excursion.

STUDIES IN THE STATUESQUE.



Since the old Invicta engine has been accepted by the L. C. C. as an ornament for one of the granite pedestals of Westminster Bridge, we may soon hope to see other vacant places on London's bridges and in metropolitan parks filled with kindred objects of art. If the first engine, why not the last cab horse, served a la Rowland Ward, with hoof and hide complete?

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-DAY, 3 and 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Proceeded, at 2.30 and 8.30, by THE WIDOW WOOL.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 9.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Production TO-MORROW (Thursday) EVENING, at 8.15, of an English version, by Rudolf Biechmann, of Otto Erich Hartleben's *Play ROSENMONTAG*, entitled
LOVE'S CARNIVAL.
Lieutenant Hans Roderff. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER
FIRST MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.15.
Seals can now be booked. ST. JAMES'S.

THE OXFORD. LITTLE TICH.
Ada Cortio, Norman French, MIKE S. WHALEN,
Howard and St. Clair, MARK MELFORD, Stiles Jongh-
mans, BROS. ROBERT, Maie Ellinger, Nelly Loomis and
her Picaninies, and other stars.—Open 7.35. SATUR-
DAY MATINEES at 2.30.
Manager—Mr. Albert Gilmer.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch,"
for each year from 1897 to 1912 inclusive, and for the
years 1825 and '26, and 1859, '70, and '71.—Address M.,
"Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS
BRING QUICK RETURNS.
See Pages 15 and 16.

Coffee and Liqueurs.

The defeat which the Government suffered
yesterday—the second, by the way, to be in-
flicted upon them this Session—was of no im-
portance in itself, but as a symptom it is in-
structive. "Snap" defeats such as this was
show that Government supporters are slack,
and when Government supporters grow slack
it means that an election is not far off.

There is a pretty general expectation that
when the appeal to the country does come the
Government will be heavily defeated. But no
one knows yet who will be put forward to lead
the Liberal Party as Prime Minister. Upon
that much depends. Lord Rosebery's speech
last Saturday made us wish that he would
brace himself up and become once more an
active statesman. If his ideal of a Ministry
containing a number of "new and fresh busi-
ness minds" could be realised we might en-
tertain some hopes of progress. Whereas, a
Cabinet filled with the "old gang" of Little
Englanders would be worse than the present
arrangement.

If the Government intend the present ar-
rangement to continue the Ministerial Whips
should show more activity. Members who sit
over their after-lunch coffee and liqueurs so
long as to invite defeats of yesterday's kind
should be severely spoken to. The Prime
Minister is doing his duty manfully, in spite
of his recent illness, and the least he can ex-
pect is that his followers shall not expose him to
unnecessary humiliations.

"As Soon as—"

A railway manager told the Traffic Commis-
sion the other day that overcrowding in rail-
way carriages was due to laziness. Passen-
gers, he said, preferred to get into full com-
partments near at hand to walking along the
platform in search of empty ones. This does
not, however, account for trains being packed
from end to end, and the directors of the
Underground made no excuse of this kind
when the Board of Trade asked them why they
did not provide more accommodation at cer-
tain hours of the day when their trains are in-
conveniently full.

They seem to have admitted that at times
the passengers outnumbered the available
seats, and to have promised more seats "as
soon as the electrification of the line is com-
pleted." When this is likely to be they do
not mention. A long vista seems to stretch
out before our gaze when we contemplate that
happy day. And even then we have our doubts
whether the trouble will be cured.

The problem is, in fact, a most difficult one
for all railways which have a heavy morning
and evening traffic. They cannot concen-
trate all their trains at one end to meet the
rush, nor can they very well put on very much
longer trains, because platforms were mostly
made when there were fewer people in the
world. The only way to relieve the discom-
fort and danger of overcrowding is to enforce
the rule against carriages holding more than
a certain number. Omnibus companies have
to observe this rule. Why should not railway
companies as well?

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The town of Slough is suffering from a
slump in the marriage market, and is no
longer known as the Slough of matrimony.

It is sad to hear that the M.C.C.'s success-
ful fight for the ashes will leave it £1,000 the
poorer. At the same time no one can deny
that they had a good many runs for their
money.

According to a telegram from Port Arthur,
the authorities there caught twenty Chinamen
and one Japanese signalling with lanterns

to the Jap fleet. "It is not known," adds the
message, "what has become of the prisoners."
It seems hardly worth while to start guessing.

Sir W. B. Richmond's notion of every man
wearing some dress that would denote his
calling has already caught on. Several well-
known bankers were seen in the City yester-
day dressed in checks.

"Among the great advantages of rearing
wild duck artificially," says a weekly paper,
"is the ease with which the eggs travel." This
should ensure a good market for them at the
approaching general election.

Mr. Bill, M.P., is progressing favourably
after his accident in Hyde Park and, it is
hoped, will return to the House this week.
Members will for once be glad to see an in-
crease in the number of Bills in the Com-
mons.

When the Kaiser arrives at Vigo he will
pass through a double line of 100 fishing
vessels. It scarcely falls in with one's pre-
conceived notions of the old-world courtesies
of Spain that the head of a friendly Power
should thus be received with smacks.

The most exciting rumours, even if they
have the least foundation in fact, continue to
come from Tokio.

There was an old party of Tokio,
Who told stories whenever he spokio,
Till the public got tired
Of his "facts" uninspired,
And murmured, "Oh, go and eat cokio!"

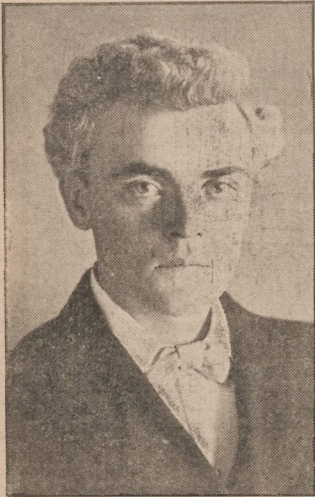
A man who was summoned for furiously
driving a horse seemed much surprised that
the Bench would not entertain his plea that
the animal had only one eye. Whether he
had expected to be charged with furiously
driving a portion of a horse is not stated.

The "Echo de Paris" states that Prince
Itchiyo, the Japanese naval attaché, to whom
a French petty officer is declared to have com-
municated important naval documents, will
return to Japan very shortly. It is perhaps
natural that the presence of Prince Itchiyo
should cause a feeling of irritation.

Notice of appeal has been given by the Im-
perial Tobacco Company in the case in which
judgment was given against their endeavour
to maintain for Marcella cigars the exclu-
sive right to narrow red bands. The Im-
perial Company not unnaturally considers that it
has a special claim on the thin red line.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

FROM PULPIT TO PALACE.



Church, Nonconformity and Royalty met at St. James's Palace on Monday, when the Bishop of London presented Dr. Parker's magnificent successor at the City Temple, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, to the King, the occasion being the second levee of the season. [E. H. Mills. Photo.]

"TELEPHONE TO MANCHURIA!"

Simple-Minded Russian Peasants
Anxious for War News.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Moscow, March 11.

The Russian muzhiks continue to display their characteristic traits in regard to the war. They seem to have no idea as to where the conflict is being waged, or how far fighting has actually gone.

Nearly every day peasants arrive in the provincial capitals from long distances, begging for news of brothers, sons, and husbands "at the front." They regard newspaper offices as centres of universal knowledge and imagine that editors have complete lists of killed and wounded which the police prevent them from publishing.

The office of the official journal at Tver was besieged yesterday by a crowd of wailing women, who asked the editor to use "his telephone to Manchuria," to ascertain the fate of their husbands. They were much astonished when they were informed that as the battalion had started only eight days before it would not arrive at the front for at least a fortnight.

A woman named Stolova persisted, declaring that her husband last year had "reached Warsaw in two days," and that Port Arthur was only one day's journey therefrom. "Perhaps the Niemtsi (Germans) have killed my poor husband," she said, bursting into tears.

GOLF AND GENIUS.

In an interesting symposium in the new number of the "London Magazine," a number of prominent and clever men tell why golf appeals to them. Sir A. Conan Doyle says that golf appeals to him because it is the only game he knows that can be played at all seasons, alone or in company. It has some claims to be the finest

SWEET SINGER OF THE HALLS.



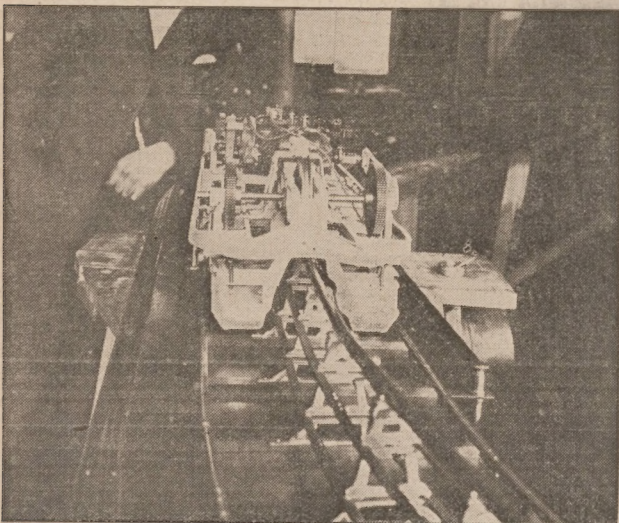
Miss Nell Richardson charms a large audience nightly at the Pavillon Music Hall, Piccadilly-circus, with her clear soprano rendering of the popular American song "Hiawatha." [Ellis & Watery. Photo.]

LAMBETH BRIDGE IS BREAKING DOWN.



Men are here seen engaged in the difficult work of keeping Lambeth Bridge from collapse. The enormous cost of a Thames bridge has alone prevented the London County Council rebuilding this worn-out structure. For many years only light traffic has been allowed upon it. Recently a County Councillor declared that its plates were as thin as a sheet of paper. The bridge leads from Horseferry-road, Westminster, to Lambeth Palace.

GOING TO THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION.



Before sending it to the St. Louis Exhibition, Mr. Behr, the inventor of the mono-rail, exhibited in London this beautiful little model, showing how, on a single rail, he can carry passengers with perfect safety at 100 miles an hour. He is building a line from Manchester to Liverpool, and would like to build a mono-railway beside the Thames, along the Embankment. The photograph shows how cleverly the motor mechanism is made to straddle the single rail.

game in the world. "I play it very badly," he modestly confesses, "but I know enough of it to appreciate its points." Among other clever men who contribute their views on the subject to the "London Magazine" are the Premier, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Harry Furniss (the caricaturist), Sir Robert Ball (the distinguished astronomer), Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A.

GERMAN "RUDDER GRANGE."

Formerly in affluent circumstances, an old German woman has been compelled, by the robberies of her nephew, to support herself, and has hit upon a novel way of securing for herself at least a home for life. Purchasing a small barge, she has obtained permission from the police to live on board, without any further payment than the eighty marks which she paid for the barge.

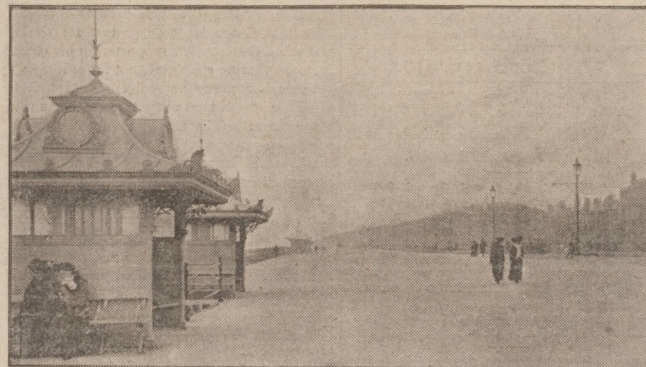
STRAUSS'S HUMBLE HOME.

The celebration in Vienna of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Strauss, sen., was marked last Sunday, our correspondent writes, by the unveiling of a white marble memorial tablet



The barking of this smart little Skye terrier called the attention of a passing policeman to a fire in the basement of No. 4, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn, last Saturday, thus probably saving the lives of some of the residents. Unfortunately, the alarm was not given before an aged caretaker had been burned to death in her bedroom below stairs.

THE PRIDE OF BLACKPOOL.



Built at a cost of £300,000, this magnificent new promenade, now deserted, will soon be thronged with merry crowds of Lancashire lads and Yorkshire lasses. For the first time, Blackpool offers shelter here to holiday-makers caught by unkind showers. Some Blackpool people consider the shelters a sign of the effeminacy of the times.

in the house in which he died. He had lived there in most modest style, his apartments merely comprising a sitting-room, bedroom, and kitchen on the first floor. His piano, which stood in the

sitting-room window, he used also as a writing-table. It is interesting to recall that he composed 152 waltzes, 32 quadrilles, 18 marches, 24 galops, and 13 polkas.

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QUEEN



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Mr. Casey said the ad
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DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

DARING WORK FOR THE COSSACK.



Many a bold Cossack horseman is carrying his life in his hand at this moment, speeding across the wintry wastes of Siberia and Manchuria with dispatches for the men who are in command at the seat of war. Mounted on their wiry little horses, the Cossacks run the risk of dropping to the shot of a Manchurian brigand or a Japanese scout, or losing their way and perishing of cold. Their deeds will be the subject of many a Russian romance.

DEEP-WATER THAMES.

River Dam at Gravesend Will Bring Prosperity to London.

Yesterday a Press representative had an interesting interview with Mr. James Casey, the marine engineer, who, with Mr. T. W. Barber, is responsible for the designs and plans of the new Barrage

QUEEN AND KNAVE.



Two little girls made a great hit at a recent fancy dress ball, in the very becoming costumes of the Queen of Hearts who "made some tarts," and the Knave who "stole them right away."

scheme at Gravesend, a Bill for the authorisation of which is to be introduced into Parliament next year. Mr. Casey said the advantages of such a dam from a national and military point of view would be absolutely incalculable. The scheme would not only provide railway communication between Essex

SIBERIAN SHARPSHOOTERS LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG.



Very smart are the officers and very stolid the troops who are daily leaving St. Petersburg for the Far East, but like soldiers everywhere they will stand in the snow cheerfully while a photograph is taken as a reminder for friends and sweethearts left behind. The corps to which these men belong is known as the Siberian Sharpshooters.

GIPIY HUNT.

Some gipsies, suspected of stealing a child, were chased in the forest close to the estate of Kietry, near Treubritzen. Finding themselves hotly pursued they separated, and with a view to making them stop the son of an estate owner fired a revolver. Unfortunately one of the gipsies was hit, and later knocked down by a mounted gendarme. He was so injured that he had to be taken to the hospital. In the event of his death the gendarme and the estate owner's son are liable to be tried for manslaughter.

LADY DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

Travelling in an express train between Budapest and Szegedin on Saturday a lady was chloroformed by an unknown fellow-passenger. When she recovered consciousness, our Vienna correspondent states, she found that her assailant had disappeared and taken with him her handbag containing £400.

Two wood-pigeons have taken up quarters in the garden of Staple Inn, Holborn, and have started building a nest in one of the trees.

Million Music Hall, an American song
Billie & Watery.



Little Skye terrier called policeman to a fire in the "buildings, Gray's-in, last night the lives of some of the the alarm was not given d been burned to death in below stairs.



now deserted, will Yorkshire lasses, makers caught by Mrs a sign of the

used also as a writing-recall that he composed 18 marches, 24 galops,

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.
FABIAN GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmiloe.
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.
MILES FARMILOE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago.
INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XXII. Behind the Scenes.

Miles Farmiloe had not only escaped, he had disappeared. The police had not lost the scent, there had never been one.

The papers rang with the sensation. The social status of those concerned gave it an unusual and piquant flavour. It was the staple conversation in club smoking-rooms, where certain traditions concerning Farmiloe were not forgotten.

To John Woodruffe the news of the man's escape had come as the crowning ignominy in a sordid story. It was conceivable that a man might, under intense provocation, stoop to crime; that in cool deliberation he should show the white feather and flee from the consequences of his action was understandable.

Death on the scaffold, hideous and shameful as it was, would yet have been less hideous, less shameful, than this public exhibition of cowardice. He said this to his wife as she sat with him in the studio after breakfast, and the words fell like a lash on the wounds shame and fear and remorse had scored on her heart.

"He only obeyed the instinct most deeply engrained in men's hearts," she answered, in a hard voice. "You believed him guilty from the first; and if he is guilty surely it is natural enough for him to try and escape. You are a little hard, John."

"I am not hard, and you wrong me in saying that I believed him guilty from the first," Woodruffe said, coldly. "He may or may not be guilty—I know nothing of that, but what I do know is that his own action condemns him." He looked at her with angry eyes, as though expecting her to make some comment, but she did not speak, and, after a pause, he added: "I am sorry you should think me hard, Pauline, but there is only one unforgivable sin in my eyes, and that is cowardice. We are poor puppets as it is—at the will of accidents and passions—a score of things; but there is one thing a man need never be—a coward. If he commits a crime, let him face it and take the consequences; not whine, or dissemble, or run away." Pauline stood up.

"Dies true!" she said, with swift passion. "In that day grant God may be more merciful, for most men and all women are cowards once in their lives."

She went hurriedly from the room, nor did he make any effort to follow her.

John Woodruffe felt disappointed in his wife. Her honour was his, and a member of her family had brought disgrace upon her name; yet instead of humility she showed unusual stiff-neckedness, instead of an increase of wifely tenderness she accused him of unnatural harshness. He turned to his morning correspondence resolutely, for he felt his anger against her rising; he hated unreasonableness and inconsistency, and for the past few weeks Pauline's conduct had shown an unpleasant amount of both. He was a man of easily roused passion, held with difficulty in check, and he was determined not to brood upon what might rouse him to fury.

At twelve o'clock he rose; he was due to deliver his weekly lecture at the Rossetti School.

If John Woodruffe preached a hard doctrine he practised it. He delivered his lecture, and coming home made his usual rounds, looked in at the club, as was his wont, met his numerous acquaintances unflinchingly. He looked an ordinary Englishman of the twentieth century; in reality his courage was that of a Christian martyr of the first, for as he walked and spoke and smiled he felt that the world, with its tongue in its cheek, was pointing the finger of scorn at him; laughing to see where infamy with a black finger had written on the white escutcheon of his honour the word "Defiled!"

As he passed the windows of his own house he fancied he caught a glimpse of a face at one of the upper windows—a face that vanished even as he looked. He wondered if it were Pauline, looking out for him, and his heart smote him. If he suffered, how much more must she suffer! He realised, with a saving rush, how perilously near the prig he had been, and inserted his latchkey in the door with a new and generous resolve—to seek out

his wife and tell her that she, and she alone, was all he cared for. Her love, her honour, her inexpressible dearness was his one concern, and all the world beside might ride to its fall for all he cared, so long as they and the world they created by their unity rolled on serene.

The window at which he fancied he had seen the face was on the first floor; the small red drawing-room in which Pauline had had her interview with Farmiloe's solicitor. He flung off his hat and coat with an unusual impetuosity which astonished the footman, and bounded up the stairs.

He opened the door with a softness of movement habitual to him, yet, soft as the sound was, the occupant of the room started up with a cry and faced him. He stared at her stupidly, in his momentary disappointment, and she at him. It was Cynthia.

"Why, my dear, where's Pauline?"

"Pauline, John? I don't know. I haven't seen her this morning. Are you alone?"

"Yes. You're looking pale, little girl; you must go for a run in the park after lunch to get those roses back."

The girl laughed, a faint little laugh, without much music in it. "Any news, John?"

He paused at the door. "None. So you haven't seen Pauline?"

She shook her head, and as the door closed behind him went back to her seat again, her face the paler for its momentary flush, her head drooping, her heart beating a little slower, feeling a little heavier for the disappointment.

So Cynthia waited in vain for her lover, that day and for many weary days.

As John Woodruffe turned along the corridor he met his wife's maid, Manette, and asked her where her mistress was.

Manette's face was red; her bright eyes showed signs of recent tears. To the chance which had caused these symptoms of feminine distress, John Woodruffe owed an explanation which yesterday wild horses might not have dragged from the warm-hearted little Frenchwoman.

She tossed her head. "Madame," she said, a little huskily, "is in her boudoir"—then paused for a perceptible fraction of time, but John Woodruffe, in his eagerness, passed on, and the pause was unnoticed.

As he knocked at the boudoir door the sound of voices reached his ear faintly; he fancied he recognised that of Pauline's father, and frowned; yet Sir George Graham would be easily dismissed. As he opened the door he realised he was mistaken, and hesitated, his hand still grasping the handle, for the voice was a man's, but strange and insolent, so his ears, love-sharpened with a nice acuteness, told him.

"Madam, facts are stubborn things, they speak for themselves, and breed children which tell tales—"

Quick as a lightning flash came Pauline's answer, her voice sharp with a note of fear and anger, which held him an involuntary listener where he stood.

"Facts, Mr. Wright!" she cried, scornfully.

"If you were not so impertinent I might be amused. But, believe me, I am really not clever enough to write anonymous letters, and if I am too tender-hearted to treat you as you deserve don't you think it would be wiser to go now quietly and forget—"

Woodruffe made a step forward. The man's voice, cool—not exactly insolent, but intensely menacing—came to him from beyond the screen of heavy embossed leather which hid the doorway.

"Madam, for a lady one would forget much, but when a man's life hangs in the—"

"John!" Pauline started up at the sight of her husband, her cry, which had run up a faint crescendo of surprised fear, ended in a laugh, a charming, tremulous laugh. She came forward and caught his arm. "John, dear, I am so glad you have come back; so glad. I was afraid I didn't know—" Her stream of incoherent words ended in the breathless gasp of a frightened child who, terrified by a painful dream, wakes to clasp the hand of its watching mother.

"Pauline!" Woodruffe clasped the hand which had caught his arm, and pressed it with a firm, chiding pressure. His grave, surprised glance passed from his wife to the man, who had risen, and stood flushed and ill at ease.

"Mr. Wright?" he asked, in cold interrogation. The detective bowed awkwardly.

Her husband's presence gave Pauline's sinking spirit the necessary filip.

"Mr. Wright has come to see me about the most extraordinary thing," she said, smoothly. "May I tell my husband? Yes? It appears that his reason for arresting Mr. Stanton was the receipt of an anonymous letter (written, as the police think, by a woman), which implicated, in a strange way, my sister. Is that not so?" she asked.

The detective bowed.

"He came to ask me if I thought it possible that any of the servants here—my maid or Cynthia—from spite or malice, could have written such a letter," she continued, breathlessly; "but I have been assuring him no. They are all devoted to Cynthia—are't they?—and none of them, so far as I am aware, have ever seen Arthur. Isn't it extraordinary? The whole thing is beyond comprehension. It's like some horrible dream."

"Most extraordinary," said Woodruffe, with marked emphasis. "It is strange, sir, that you have not mentioned these facts before."

"It was not until the case against Mr. Stanton fell through that I began to doubt the genuineness of the letter," said the detective, hesitatingly.

"The mention of Miss Graham at the time appeared merely a piece of verbiage on the part of the writer, occasioned by the fact that her name had been mentioned largely in the papers as having been closely associated with the last moments of the deceased gentleman."

"May I see the letter?" said Woodruffe, sternly.

"There were two." With fingers which trembled slightly, Wright took out his pocket-book, and handed them to the man who looked at him with such contemptuous eyes.

"Two?" Woodruffe opened the creased, ill-written things, and read them with deliberation.

"My wife mentioned one only."

"My mistake," Pauline interrupted, quickly.

"But only one implicated Cynthia, and both are evidently written by the same person."

Her husband raised his eyes from the sheets and looked at her strangely, her face was white, her eyes blazing jewels. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely, or less desirable, there was a savage beauty about her which repelled him.

"I think you are mistaken. They are not written by the same person." He handed them back to Wright, and looked at him searchingly.

"Such an inexplicable matter is one which can only be discussed in its entirety at headquarters. In the future, Mr. Inspector, however, I should be glad if you would understand that in this singular and deplorable matter all business is conducted by Sir George Graham, or myself. Such gruesome things are not fit for ladies. Mrs. Woodruffe and Miss Graham are not to be troubled."

"There is perhaps an exception here—"

Pauline began, but Woodruffe silenced her by a look, he had already rung the bell.

As the front door closed behind him, Wright knew that in the house he had just left the curtain had rung up upon a drama, infinitely more tragic and mysterious than that which had begun the night when Oswald Drummond went to render up his last account to the Keeper of that great prison, house where enters in neither corruption nor despoiler.

CHAPTER XXIII. With Buttoned Foils.

Pauline had sunk upon a heap of cushions; she looked up at Woodruffe as the door closed with a sharp sigh of relief.

"Ah, dear heaven," she cried, "John, will there ever be an end to this terrible time? Will the clouds ever lift? It seems to me that every hour spins a more hideous, impenetrable mystery about this awful thing."

The man did not answer her at once. He took a few short, quick steps up and down the room; she watched him with anguished eyes beneath her drooping lids. Suddenly he stopped and sat down beside her, taking her hand in his.

"God knows," he said, "for to-day I have felt as though a shadow had fallen on our house that might never be lifted."

He ran the rings up and down her slender, beautiful fingers, and spoke impetuously. "Pauline, I'll get that man dismissed the force to-day. He's a worm. I could hardly keep my hands off him, as he stood, squirming there before you."

The hand in his trembled slightly, but not Pauline's voice, as she murmured: "Oh, John, why do you speak like that about the poor man? He's only doing his duty after all—not a pleasant duty; I'm sorry for him. It must be a hideous life."

"Sweet, how forbearing you are," he said, tenderly, "after his insolence."

"Insolence? Is he insolent, wonderingly. 'Oh, no, far from that. If he has a fault it is that he is so much what you call a worm. You intimidate him.'"

He cast a searching glance at her. "You are too tolerant, Pauline. I am afraid your father is right; you will never be a grand dame. My dear, I heard everything. I was at the door, quite inadvertently. I thought you were alone."

She started apart from him, and stared, with startled eyes, at his own.

"Heard everything!"

He nodded gravely. "The beast threatened you. I suppose it was blackmail, only the devil knows what he fancied."

The woman threw her head back with a strange movement of relief. "No, John, you misunderstand entirely. I—I don't know what you think you heard, but, far from threatening me—why should he threaten me? He did not wish the matter mentioned to you—he was afraid—you know, John, dear, the world thinks you a bit of a martinet—he was afraid you might catch a fuss with the servants. He says that that class of people are so dangerous to accuse. They would make a fuss—take action against us, and just now silence and secrecy are so terribly essential. He's sure some one here wrote that note. But, John—I know you'll be glad, though I hate to mention it, he—he doesn't think that—that Miles is guilty. He says his escape proves nothing; its natural effect of prison life on everyone, no matter how innocent or how guilty. The confinement does it—the moment they see a chance to escape they make a dash for liberty, with no thought of consequence for good or evil."

She had caught his hand between her own, and was stroking it with short, caressing movements, her words tumbling over each other in her eagerness. He looked down at her with troubled eyes.

"Pauline—you're not deceiving me? I tell you I heard—the man was insolent. In any case it's impudence—gross, unforgivable impudence, for him to come and speak to you like that, to try and push himself, as it were, between you and me. I believe you're keeping something back. He was insolent to you—my dear, confess it; I heard your own words to him. Why do you try and hoodwink me?"

She threw out her hands with a little gesture of despair.

"You are unreasonable—I don't know what you heard or what you fancy. I tell you the truth. The man is working on his own; you know the case has been taken out of his hands—given to that dreadful-looking Welshman, who frightens me to death. Wright came to me because he wasn't afraid of me—to ask my help. He has no warrant from headquarters."

"His tone was disgraceful, bullying," said Woodruffe, doggedly. "You other in her eagerness, and don't understand such men. You spoke to him as an equal—he presumed."

Pauline's teeth clicked, with a quick sound of contempt. "I don't agree with you," she said. "I talked to him as an intelligent man. I can't ride the high horse to such people, John, whatever you say, because I happen to have money and they have none. I am anxious to help him—it's my dearest wish that Miles will be proved innocent and our name be cleared. I don't care who committed the murder—I care for nothing in the world just now but that all shadow may be cleared—that no disgrace may come by me or mine on your good name—your dear name!"

She flung her arms round him, with an impetuous, sobbing cry, and he held her tightly to him, yet for all her clearness still unconvinced.

The mental variations of a loved companion affected the lover. Pauline, by her own words, had sowed a seed of doubt.

He put her from him, and looked into her eyes.

"Pauline—you are seeing nothing back to me? There is no secret in the past, nothing to make you afraid for—Cynthia—"

She uttered a musical cry of protest. "Nothing," she replied, steadfastly.

To be continued to-morrow.

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Conquering Straw Hat and Correct "Stove-Pipe" at St. Stephen's.

The Hat—the top hat, the bowler, the Tribby, the slouch, the sombrero, the straw, and even the modest cap—has a significance in the House of Commons which it can never acquire elsewhere. To the straw hat belongs the distinction of making history. Mr. Keir Hardie's advent in a cap—as the outward and visible sign of democratic freedom—in its way, dramatic, and gave a colossal shock to the Parliamentary proprieties:



"CAPTAIN" TOMMY BOWLES, who affects the nautical in other things, follows the military in the rake of his hat.

but the proprieties had previously been flouted by a straw hat resting befittingly upon the head of an Irish member.

One summer afternoon the eagle eye of the late Mr. Gladstone, surveying the House, lit upon a straw hat jauntily perched upon a Nationalist's head. Such a thing had never been known. Always a stickler for the dignity of the House, Mr. Gladstone viewed the innovation with indignation and dismay. But there was nothing in written or unwritten Constitutional law applying to so unique an incident. A hurried consultation took place between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Charles Russell (afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen), as a result of which the latter crossed to the offending member and politely requested the removal of the baulk. The member—politely or otherwise, history does not record—declined to comply. And thus, it may be said, a head covering of any material and shape became for Parliamentary purposes a hat. What would happen if Mr. William Redmond were to go down to the House in a nightcap is a grave question which would probably have to be decided by the Speaker.

The first use which a member of Parliament makes of his hat on the opening of Parliament is to provide himself with a seat—not literally, but by placing it upon one of the benches as an indication of his presence. Members get up early or stay up late, according to personal habit or predilection, and find their way to the House with two hats. One of these is deposited on a seat, the other enables them to go home to breakfast or bed, or both. This practice is not so common now as of yore, but a few members still keep up the tradition, and times of their nocturnal raids are still placed on record in the lobby.

Etiquette of the Hat.

A member who has acquired the graceful deportment of a Mantellini may obtain considerable kudos out of his hat. On entering the House he must uncover, and even if he stand beyond the "bar" of the House—the line at which delinquents who have infringed the privileges of the House stand to receive the judgment of the Speaker—he must remain uncovered. Various methods of posing the hat are adopted. One member will carry it over a brief bag or a milk-pail; another will hold it with both hands behind him, like an open-air tractor; a third will hold it by both brims in front of his waistcoat pockets, as though he were taking a snapshot of the Speaker; but the master in deportment will hold it gracefully poised with the left hand, much as he would pose a cigar momentarily removed from his mouth.

On reaching his seat the member may wear his hat or not, as it so pleases him. He may wear it at any angle. He may adopt the manner of Lord Harrington (now the Duke of Devonshire) and tilt it over his eyes on to the bridge of his nose; he may adopt the method of Mr. Winston Churchill and flip it over the back of his head, so displaying the expansive brow; or he may affect the style of Mr. "Tommy" Bowles, and give it the rakish

military side bias. In all these matters the House is Liberty Hall.

The hat must be taken off when rising to address the House, and the situation then presents a serious problem. The nearest available place of security is the seat from which the member rises, and the hat is generally deposited there. To the old Parliamentary hand it is a matter of habit to rescue his hat before resuming his seat; to the novice and the nervous it sometimes happens that he incontinently sits upon his hat. It may be added here that not all the members carry their hats about when in attendance, and latterly it is seldom that Front Bench men wear hats in the House.

Misfits.

A rule of the House which leads at times to amusing incidents is that which provides that when a division is called members may only address the Speaker sitting and covered. The most recent instance of this occurred early in this month, when Mr. Herbert Gladstone desired to address the Speaker when the House was being cleared for a division. Mr. Gladstone was compelled to borrow a hat, which proved to be too large for him, threatening him with the fate of his point of



RUSSO ASHTON

It was a Nationalist member who first "sporting" a straw hat in the House, to the amazement of the late Mr. Gladstone who made, through the late Lord Russell of Killowen, then Sir Charles, an ineffectual protest.

order—extinguishment. This reminds the writer of an even more amusing incident of days long gone by, when the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone found himself in a similar and yet dissimilar predicament. He borrowed the nearest available hat, which proved so small that it was with difficulty Mr. Gladstone could speak without dislodging it from its precarious perch. A final utility of the hat in Parliament is that it is a distinguishing badge of the privileged



MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE recently found a hat too large for him. The G.O.M. would not have been so easily extinguished.

journalist in the inner lobby. A select number of Press representatives are admitted to this lobby, which is the supposed source of indisputable facts concerning the fate of governments. The hat here is at once the mark of servitude for the "lobbyist" and a danger signal for members. No special kind of hat is insisted upon, but no self-respecting "lobbyist" would venture into this privileged precinct in anything but a silk hat—otherwise he might be mistaken for a member of Parliament.

CURE FOR LOVE.

More Letters from People Who Have Tried It.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

Referring to Dr. Hollander's "Cure for Love," some correspondents describe their own married happiness, but is the same love governing them as in the days of their courtship? We must not forget the effects of habit, the growth of sentiment, the gradual approximation of tastes and sympathies.

Many a woman marries that her life may be more agreeable, in order to have a pleasant home, to secure and maintain social prestige, to satisfy her vanity, and to enter upon the privileges and enjoyments which society refuses to the single woman and concedes to the married one. They all say they marry for love. Of course they do—as they understand love at the time. E. L. Chelsea.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

I pity this Dr. Hollander from the bottom of my heart, but he would have been wiser surely to keep his own counsel. In too many cases unfortunately marriage is a cure for the love disease. I think, though, that young people just embarking upon the uncertain sea of married life need not fear Dr. Hollander or his cynicism. If they will remember, as my husband and I have tried to do

for twenty-four years, to be thoughtful, unselfish, tactful, they will find that marriage merely turns a mortal disease into an immortal one.

West Kensington. "CARMEN."

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.) Dr. Hollander thinks he has succeeded where generations have failed. Love, he says, is a disease, marriage is its cure. Well, then, Dr. Hollander, will you answer me two questions? Have you ever suffered from the disease? Are you married? I think your answer will be "No" in both cases.

Well, then, Dr. Hollander, this is a branch of your science in which you have had no experience or tuition, and you have no right to practise or prescribe therein.

Newlyn, Cornwall. FANNY JOHNSON.

CHINESE LABOUR DEFENDED.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.)

When you discuss this question pray do not imitate Lord Rosebery, Mr. Labouchere, and all the other Radical speakers whose sole object is to embarrass the Government. And pray do not imitate the cant of Anglican or Nonconformist divines, entirely ignorant of South African conditions. But pray remember these facts:—

1. The Transvaal ore is of low grade. If not extracted by cheap labour, whether black or yellow, it will have to remain in the bowels of the earth.
2. The prosperity of South Africa (and to a great extent of this country likewise) depends on the rapid and economical working of the Transvaal mines.
3. The sooner more black or yellow labour is introduced the sooner more white men will be employed as overseers. The mines can afford to pay high wages to overseers only.
4. The mines are not worked for the exclusive benefit of magnates, but for the benefit of the



"WINSTON" balances his hat on the back of his head, a trick not unknown in another "House," in Cape Court.

shareholders, who are distributed all over the country. It would be hard to find a corner of Great Britain where someone's prosperity does not partially depend on the yield from the Witwatersrand.

5. Australia employs on her mines white labour exclusively because her ore is of higher grade. If the Transvaal mines were transported bodily to Australia the majority of them could never be worked at all.

6. The people who most strongly object to the free importation of cheap foreign labour into the Transvaal are the people who strongly countenance the free importation of the products of cheap foreign labour into Great Britain.

Bexhill, March 14. No Bias.



Mr. Keir Hardie's democratic cap burst with dramatic force on Parliament, effectually crushing the silk hat superstition at one blow.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

FLORAL FASHIONS.

PRETTY GARDEN FANCIES FOR THE COMING SEASON.

A certain school of gardeners say that it is wrong to use the idea of "fashion" or "fancy" in any way in connection with the garden, but, nevertheless, many of the little hobbies that the coming summer promises to see more generally adopted are both pretty and quaint, and quite legitimately come under the classification of fashion and fancy.

Lady Warwick has set one fancy afloat with her "garden of memory" at Warwick Castle. To form this garden friends of the Countess who have been stopping at the castle have been asked to plant one or more flowers as mementoes of their visit, in the same way as royalty are often asked to plant commemorative trees. The consequence is that Lady Warwick has now the most interesting garden, each individual feature of which tells of happy and pleasant recollections of past days and loved faces.

A Garden of Sweet Odours.

One of the features of Lady Helen Vincent's charming garden at Esler Place is the "garden of sweet odours." This, as its name implies, is a garden set aside for the culture of scented flowers only. The delights of such a garden must be smelt, not only seen, to be appreciated, and Lady Helen's example is being largely copied. The writer would like to mention in parenthesis, for the benefit of those who are thinking of establishing such a garden, even on a small scale, that a low hedge of the much neglected sweet-brier, kept well in hand, is a most fragrant and inexpensive feature.

One-colour gardens were a fad of last season, but their continued success is doubtful. The idea consists of keeping flowers of one colour all together, as, for example, all the reds in a garden by themselves, and, in another portion, all the yellows, while a third spot is devoted to the blues. Want of contrast is a great drawback to such gardens, and it is an open question whether they deserve to thrive.

Your Monogram in Flowers.

A pretty little custom which has come about with the partial revival of carpet-bedding is for the mistress of the house to have her monogram or crest worked out in bedding plants in a large flat bed, situated preferably on a gentle slope. Many ladies, clever with pencil and brush, have first designed these beds on paper, in all sorts of bright colours, and when their plan is carried out in living plants in the garden the effect is extremely pleasing. Some of them have even been sufficiently enthusiastic to map out the plan upon the surface of the bed itself, in silver-sand, but this is a somewhat "back-aching" operation. The carpet-bedding monogram is a particularly happy garden fad, and worthy of extensive adoption.

Hony and Stunted.

Since it has been discovered that the quaint little Japanese dwarf trees are really hardy, and do not require coddling in a hot-house, they are coming much into vogue as dining and drawing-room ornaments, and the demand for them since the outbreak of the war indicates that they will be much seen this summer; in fact, being evergreen there is nothing to prevent them forming valuable acquisitions to indoor decorations all the year round.

There are signs, too, of a reaction in favour of the quaintly clipped "topiary-work" trees, as individual specimens in pots. These are procurable in such quaint designs as those of ships, chairs, bottles, pheasants, lions, dogs, and many other forms, and it is the delight of the keen amateur to keep them clipped into the proper shape herself, a task requiring no little skill, as a false clip may destroy the whole symmetry of a tree.

Sundials, Lead Figures, and Fountains.

The "collecting" craze has also spread to women gardeners, and the fashion of specialising in the different species of one kind of flower is becoming much more general than of yore. Collections of such out-of-the-way things as cacti and insect-eating plants are quite the rage in green-houses, to say nothing of orchids.

The accumulation of quaint sundials and queer old-world stone and leaden images has also fascinated for women, but it should be carried out in moderation. A garden is pre-eminently the place for living flowers and plants, and to cram it with inanimate graven images is to destroy its repose and picturesqueness. Where space is no object such things are not only permissible but desirable, but, like the formal fountain, their position needs careful consideration, and they must not be planted indiscriminately.



BELTS AND BLOUSES.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE TO A PRETTY COSTUME.

The woman who spends all her substance on her frocks, hats, and coats, and forgets the little accessories of her attire, makes a grave mistake and cannot expect to look well dressed.

In many cases the belt, the collar, the prettily disposed bow, the neat gloves, and the well-fitting shoes finish the picture of perfection, which, without their help, in every detail satisfactory, would be showy perhaps, but devoid of taste.

Pictured on this page are many adjuncts of the toilette that tell their own tale. Belts loom largely among them, shown on and apart from their charming corsages.

Belts of Tooled Leather.

The queen of leather belts is the one that is tooled by hand with gold or silver, and in some cases touched with a little colour like turquoise blue. In the extreme right-hand corner at the base of the sketch such a cinchure is seen.

The satin or taffetas belt of considerable width is very popular. Observe it applied to an evening corsage in company with a couple of flat bows, and imagine it asparagus green on a creamy-point d'esprit background. Immediately below please make the acquaintance of a belt with short bell-rope ends, slashed above and decorated with smart buttons, and another girdle of blossom silk rimmed with a dark border and completed with very long ends indeed.

Belts with rosettes, belts that rise almost as high as the shoulder blades, belts threaded through art nouveau slides and clasped with wondrous buckles are very prevalent. But the belt that enshrines a watch is a complete novelty, outside the realms of ordinary home-made possessions, and to be looked for in the jewellers' shops.

SIMPLE DISH.

FILETS DE BARBUE A LA VATEL.

INGREDIENTS:—One small brill, filleted, one ounce of grated Parmesan and one of Gruyere cheese, half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, quarter of an ounce of flour, one glass of sherry, half a lemon, half a small onion, sprig of parsley.

Skin and cut the filets into neat oblong pieces. Put them into a well-buttered deep tin. Dust them with salt and pepper, add a few drops of lemon juice and the wine. Put over some thin rings of onion. Cover them with a buttered paper. Cook them in the oven for about ten to twelve minutes.

Put the fish trimmings, milk, and parsley into a stewpan. Simmer them for half an hour and strain the liquid. Melt half the butter in a pan, add the flour to it, also about a gill and a half of the fish stock. Stir over the fire till it boils, then mix the two kinds of cheese together, and add half of them to this sauce, also the rest of the butter and the juice from the tin the fish was baked in. Season the sauce well, and pour a little of it in an oval fireproof dish. Arrange the filets on it, pour over the rest of the sauce. Sprinkle over the top the remaining cheese. Brown the surface with a salamander or in a very quick oven, and serve very hot.

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SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

When the National Anthem was played at Stafford House concert yesterday afternoon everybody rose to welcome the Queen, but after a few moments sat down again with ripples of laughter, for it was a false alarm. A few minutes later, however, her Majesty arrived, accompanied by Princess Victoria, and after shaking hands with several friends sat down, and the concert proceeded. The Queen was dressed in black velvet with ermine furs and a mauve toque, and Princess Victoria was in pale blue with a black coat. The great hall was filled to overflowing, and the wide marble staircases and gallery running round were also packed. The Duchess of Somerset, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Ardilaun, Lady Troubridge, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Adair, Mrs. Bernard Shaw, and Mrs. Ronalds were only a few of the many others present.

Lady Henry Somerset and Archdeacon Wilberforce spoke very feelingly on behalf of the Industrial Farm, and Lady Maud Warrender, Lord

Shaftesbury, Miss Marie Breme, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Mr. Cyril Maude contributed to an excellent programme.

On St. Patrick's Day.

It always seems rather an anomaly that the Irish Industries Association should have been founded by a Scotch peeress, Lady Aberdeen, yet such is the fact, and it is she who will open the sale at Grosvenor House to-morrow.

A special event is being made of this year's sale, when it is hoped that sufficient money will be realised to complete the sum of £100,000 raised in London for the benefit of the Association.

All those interested in the movement are putting forth their best energies, and the list of stall-holders is a long and influential one, including the names of Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Mayo, the Dowager Lady Dufferin, Lady Helen Stavordale, Lady Duncannon, and Lady Castlereose.

Odd Notes.

A great many people are going over to Ireland for Easter, and will not be back until after the royal visit. Their Majesties are to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle,

with the Duke and Duchess of Manchester at Kilmore, and with Lord and Lady Ormonde at Kilkenny Castle.

There is a good deal of illness about. Lady Howe has not been well; but Lord Barrymore is much better, and so is Lord Morley, who is now able to get out in the sunshine every day.

QUICK LUNCHES.

It has long been a grievance of the business man in London that his mid-day meal requirements are provided for in a most unsatisfactory manner. The average City man goes home to a substantial dinner in the evening, and therefore does not require a heavy lunch in town, but, on the other hand, the "ban and milk" is unappetising and insufficient.

The happy medium has at length been found, and the firm of Gabriel Sedlmayr, of "Spate Brewery" fame, has opened a restaurant at 33, Newgate-street.

There the City man who does not want a mid-day dinner can get a meal which is both appetising and nourishing, either hot or cold, for eightpence, a figure which should appeal to the City at the present time.

THE MONEY GOD.

THE MONEY GOD. By J. P. Blake (Bass Blake). Heinemann. 6s.

Many people find the stereotyped romance tedious nowadays. They know it all so well. It has lost its grip save in the hands of one or two specially-gifted writers. The new kind of novel, which came from the United States originally, deals with actual life as it is going on around us to-day, and strikes the reader as being very more vivid and "meaty" than any other kind of fiction that is being produced to-day.

This book of Mr. Blake's belongs to the class of "romances of business." It is all about "the City." The hero begins as a clerk in a company promoter's office. He becomes secretary to a company, and then managing director of a syndicate. He strikes up a street acquaintance with a charming young woman, and finds that she is—but why should we spoil the story for Mr. Blake's readers?

It is a very fair story, decidedly above the average, and will have many readers, since it bears Mr. Heinemann's imprint. But it has not the tense interest of the American business novel. The transactions do not exert the same spell over us

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FUNERAL PARTY WRECKED AND KILLED.



Frightened by a motor-car horn, a cab horse bolted in Greenwich Park on Monday, colliding with a van in King William-street and throwing the occupants of the cab into the street. Out of the six people in the cab, one, a boy, was killed instantly, a woman died within half-an-hour, and others are in a critical condition. By a strange coincidence the injured people were returning from the funeral of the Rev. William Ness, of Millwall, who died through injuries received in the street.

BALLET IN MAKING.

Mlle. Adeline Genée Favours the Male Premier Danseur.

A glimpse at the making of a ballet dancer was the favour accorded to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday afternoon.

It was a pretty scene. A large room, at No. 5, Lisle-street, facing the Empire stage door, bare but for horizontal bars shoulder high along the walls. At one end there stood, in a graceful, watching attitude, a slight, pretty fair girl, following with her eyes the movements of two dainty little dancers, who with all the spirit and fervour of those who are in love with their art were essaying, and in one instance almost perfectly performing, some difficult ballet steps.

The little dancers were in short practice skirts, wearing regulation ballet shoes. Their instructress was in street costume.

"Let me introduce you to my secretary," said M. Alexandre Genée to the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative as they entered the room.

The dancing stopped, and the fair instructress turned towards the door with a laugh.

The Empire Premier.

"Your secretary, indeed!" she said.

"Mlle. Adeline Genée, I am sure," said the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative. And he was right, for it was impossible to mistake the graceful figure of the charming première danseuse who nightly delights the Empire audiences and who in the new ballet, "High Jinks," has shown that one can be perfect mistress of toe-dancing and classic ballet and at the same time expound the latest forms of popular dancing in the most charming manner.

"Many people seem to think," said Mlle. Genée, "that a toe-dancer can only dance on her toes. They do not realise that a première danseuse must be mistress of every form of her art. The way ballet is presented in England somewhat encourages this fallacy, for instead of making the première dancer an essential part of the ballet and entrusting her with a rôle that has to be carried throughout the piece, as in grand ballet on the Continent, she is only introduced in the most casual fashion to perform her dance and disappear.

Still Practising.

Mlle. Genée began to learn dancing when she was eight years of age, and though she has figured as première in grand ballet in most of the big Continental cities, and has been six years première at the Empire, she still practises every alternate day, and goes through the same exercises as she did when she was a child.

M. Alexandre Genée, her uncle, who owned a theatre at Stettin, and for nearly forty years arranged and directed ballets all over the Continent, was the famous dancer's first and only instructor.

"What is your favourite rôle, Mlle.?" asked the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*'s representative.

"The Spirit of Peace in 'Our Crown' at the Empire" was the reply. "It was heavy work, but I loved it. After that I prefer my part in Coppelius, which was arranged by my uncle, and in which I appeared at Copenhagen before her Majesty the Queen of England and the King of Denmark."

"I cannot say I like dancing in long skirts, as in the 'Little Mary' dance in 'High Jinks,'" said Mlle. Genée in reply to a query, "but I enjoy it as a change. It would not, of course, do for me to take it up regularly, for it calls into play an

entirely different set of muscles to toe dancing, and would soon somewhat unfit me for that."

One of Mlle. Genée's ambitions is to see "Excelsior" put on at the Empire. "It is a splendid ballet," she remarked, "and I should so enjoy dancing in it."

A Man Is So Useful!

A permanent male premier at the London homes of ballet should, in Mlle. Genée's opinion, be introduced. "There are really so very few things one can introduce in a pas seul," she complained, "while in a pas de deux there are so many opportunities for pretty effects."

Although the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative discovered Mlle. Genée watching her uncle's pupils at practice, she only indulges in this as a relaxation, and M. Genée only accepts as pupils a few girls, and among English girls he claims that they are lamentably few who show the germs of genius for grand ballet.

LITTLE WHITE SLAVES.

The Hornsey Borough Council has had statistics prepared which show that 570 children, including ninety-one girls, attending school full time, are employed out of school hours.

One boy works 58½ hours a week, delivering bottled and draught beer. Another boy is employed 39½ hours on four days of each week. He starts with a milk round at 5.45 to 7.15 a.m., and cleans boots and knives between breakfast and school. Between morning and afternoon school he has a milk round and cleans the cans after school, has an hour for recreation, and cleans a pony. He earns 5s. 6d. a week.

A girl of twelve sews buttons on shirts for a local manufacturer seventeen hours a week. She does nine shirts per hour and earns 1½d. per dozen shirts.

IRVING'S NEW LEADING LADY.



Mrs. Cecily Raleigh, who has played the adventuress so often in her husband's melodramas at Drury Lane, will play Queen Eleanor to Sir Henry Irving's "Becket" when our leading actor-manager returns to England in a few weeks' time. "Becket" has been a great success in America.

AT THE MINIATURE BACHELOR'S.



Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.

Remittances should NOT be enclosed in the first instance.

FREE.

A DRESS display sample Handkerchief, with Illustrated List; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles: 21s. worth; double; handsome Robe, etc.; approval—Call or write, Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's Bush.

BARGAIN—Marabout rich feather Stole, 1s. 9d.; guaranteed genuine; rich natural colour; long elegant; full; quite new; worth 6s.; approval—Madam, 43a, Clapham-road, S.W.

BARGAIN—One dozen assorted, fine, hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, 2s.—St. Mary's Company, Herne Bay.

CORSETS—Illustrated booklet, newest corsets, support belt, etc., 1s. upon application—Madame Johnston, Corset Specialist, Peter-gate, Nottingham.

CORSETS to Measure—Ladies' patterns copied at the shortest notice; illustrated price list, patterns, and measurement form post free; corsets cleaned or repaired equal to new—Madame Lee, Elm-grove, Southsea.

COSTUMES to measure, from 30s.; pattern, fashion book, tape, self-measurement form free—W. T. Bibby (Dept. 19), Broad-street, Birmingham.

VERY LADY should wear our celebrated 1s. cashmere dress, 1s. 2d.—P. T. Gillies, Hosiery Warehouse, College-street, Rotherham.

FRENCH hand beauty spotted, bordered Vail, 50 by 18in., very stylish, 1s. 3d. each; 2 different, 2s. 3d.; the fashionable Vail, 12in. beautifully embroidered, Brussels or point d'esprit, 12in. 50 by 18in., 2s. 6d. each; Webb, 38, Castle-gate, Nottingham.

FURS—Alexandra Dagmar Necktie and Muff; beautiful; real Russian marten, 12in. 6d.; unused; 12s. 6d.; approval—Mabel, 9, Grosvenor-place, Clapham.

SEALSKIN jacket; bargain; only 25s. 15s.; worth 250; quite new; stylish, double-breasted, accurate shape; beautiful reversible; light; good; good; must sell; approval—Gwendoline, 3, Holland-street, S.W.

THE Smart Set—Ladies' Skirts, correct 3s. tailor-made; to measure only 6s. 10s. 12s. 14s. 16s.; new spring styles; latest patterns; pattern free—Rawling, Bedford, Notts.

THE VARIETY of "Flaxella" patterns (samples post free) enables us to say: "You'll be delighted with this Irish Linen—cheap, shadings, prices moderate"—Hutton, 81, Larnie, Ireland.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets; marvellous, grand; unbreakable sample steel free—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham.

UNDERLINING—8, chemist, knicker, petticoats; 9s. the lot; 3 beautiful night-dresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's Bush.

ZELINEN—is a pure Irish material for Blouses and the Frocks; made in artistic, washable colours; light and soft, but very durable; samples post free—Hutton, 81, Larnie, Ireland.

YARD—Double-width Cingalese Lawn for dainty Blouses, chemist, usual price 5s. 6d. 6d. 8d. 10s. 12s. 14s. 16s.; patterns free—Write C. 1174, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, London, E.C.

500 HEAVY Winter Costume Skirts, black and navy, silkate strappings, usual price 5s. 6d. 6d. 8d. 10s. 12s. 14s. 16s.; cleared at once; reduced to only 2s. 9d. each; 3 for 5s.; 4 for 6s.; 5 for 7s.; 6 for 8s.; 7 for 9s.; 8 for 10s.; 9 for 11s.; 10 for 12s.; 11 for 13s.; 12 for 14s.; 13 for 15s.; 14 for 16s.; 15 for 17s.; 16 for 18s.; 17 for 19s.; 18 for 20s.; 19 for 21s.; 20 for 22s.; 21 for 23s.; 22 for 24s.; 23 for 25s.; 24 for 26s.; 25 for 27s.; 26 for 28s.; 27 for 29s.; 28 for 30s.; 29 for 31s.; 30 for 32s.; 31 for 33s.; 32 for 34s.; 33 for 35s.; 34 for 36s.; 35 for 37s.; 36 for 38s.; 37 for 39s.; 38 for 40s.; 39 for 41s.; 40 for 42s.; 41 for 43s.; 42 for 44s.; 43 for 45s.; 44 for 46s.; 45 for 47s.; 46 for 48s.; 47 for 49s.; 48 for 50s.; 49 for 51s.; 50 for 52s.; 51 for 53s.; 52 for 54s.; 53 for 55s.; 54 for 56s.; 55 for 57s.; 56 for 58s.; 57 for 59s.; 58 for 60s.; 59 for 61s.; 60 for 62s.; 61 for 63s.; 62 for 64s.; 63 for 65s.; 64 for 66s.; 65 for 67s.; 66 for 68s.; 67 for 69s.; 68 for 70s.; 69 for 71s.; 70 for 72s.; 71 for 73s.; 72 for 74s.; 73 for 75s.; 74 for 76s.; 75 for 77s.; 76 for 78s.; 77 for 79s.; 78 for 80s.; 79 for 81s.; 80 for 82s.; 81 for 83s.; 82 for 84s.; 83 for 85s.; 84 for 86s.; 85 for 87s.; 86 for 88s.; 87 for 89s.; 88 for 90s.; 89 for 91s.; 90 for 92s.; 91 for 93s.; 92 for 94s.; 93 for 95s.; 94 for 96s.; 95 for 97s.; 96 for 98s.; 97 for 99s.; 98 for 100s.; 99 for 101s.; 100 for 102s.; 101 for 103s.; 102 for 104s.; 103 for 105s.; 104 for 106s.; 105 for 107s.; 106 for 108s.; 107 for 109s.; 108 for 110s.; 109 for 111s.; 110 for 112s.; 111 for 113s.; 112 for 114s.; 113 for 115s.; 114 for 116s.; 115 for 117s.; 116 for 118s.; 117 for 119s.; 118 for 120s.; 119 for 121s.; 120 for 122s.; 121 for 123s.; 122 for 124s.; 123 for 125s.; 124 for 126s.; 125 for 127s.; 126 for 128s.; 127 for 129s.; 128 for 130s.; 129 for 131s.; 130 for 132s.; 131 for 133s.; 132 for 134s.; 133 for 135s.; 134 for 136s.; 135 for 137s.; 136 for 138s.; 137 for 139s.; 138 for 140s.; 139 for 141s.; 140 for 142s.; 141 for 143s.; 142 for 144s.; 143 for 145s.; 144 for 146s.; 145 for 147s.; 146 for 148s.; 147 for 149s.; 148 for 150s.; 149 for 151s.; 150 for 152s.; 151 for 153s.; 152 for 154s.; 153 for 155s.; 154 for 156s.; 155 for 157s.; 156 for 158s.; 157 for 159s.; 158 for 160s.; 159 for 161s.; 160 for 162s.; 161 for 163s.; 162 for 164s.; 163 for 165s.; 164 for 166s.; 165 for 167s.; 166 for 168s.; 167 for 169s.; 168 for 170s.; 169 for 171s.; 170 for 172s.; 171 for 173s.; 172 for 174s.; 173 for 175s.; 174 for 176s.; 175 for 177s.; 176 for 178s.; 177 for 179s.; 178 for 180s.; 179 for 181s.; 180 for 182s.; 181 for 183s.; 182 for 184s.; 183 for 185s.; 184 for 186s.; 185 for 187s.; 186 for 188s.; 187 for 189s.; 188 for 190s.; 189 for 191s.; 190 for 192s.; 191 for 193s.; 192 for 194s.; 193 for 195s.; 194 for 196s.; 195 for 197s.; 196 for 198s.; 197 for 199s.; 198 for 200s.; 199 for 201s.; 200 for 202s.; 201 for 203s.; 202 for 204s.; 203 for 205s.; 204 for 206s.; 205 for 207s.; 206 for 208s.; 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743 for 745s.; 744 for 746s.; 745 for 747s.; 746 for 748s.; 747 for 749s.; 748 for 750s.; 749 for 751s.; 750 for 752s.; 751 for 753s.; 752 for 754s.; 753 for 755s.; 754 for 756s.; 755 for 757s.; 756 for 758s.; 757 for 759s.; 758 for 760s.; 759 for 761s.; 760 for 762s.; 761 for 763s.; 762 for 764s.; 763 for 765s.; 764 for 766s.; 765 for 767s.; 766 for 768s.; 767 for 769s.; 768 for 770s.; 769 for 771s.; 770 for 772s.; 771 for 773s.; 772 for 774s.; 773 for 775s.; 774 for 776s.; 775 for 777s.; 776 for 778s.; 777 for 779s.; 778 for 780s.; 779 for 781s.; 780 for 782s.; 781 for 783s.; 782 for 784s.; 783 for 785s.; 784 for 786s.; 785 for 787s.; 786 for 788s.; 787 for 789s.; 788 for 790s.; 789 for 791s.; 790 for 792s.; 791 for 793s.; 792 for 794s.; 793 for 795s.; 794 for 796s.; 795 for 797s.; 796 for 798s.; 797 for 799s.; 798 for 800s.; 799 for 801s.; 800 for 802s.; 801 for 803s.; 802 for 804s.; 803 for 805s.; 804 for 806s.; 805 for 807s.; 806 for 808s.; 807 for 809s.; 808 for 810s.; 809 for 811s.; 810 for 812s.; 811 for 813s.; 812 for 814s.; 813 for 815s.; 814 for 816s.; 815 for 817s.; 816 for 818s.; 817 for 819s.; 818 for 820s.; 819 for 821s.; 820 for 822s.; 821 for 823s.; 822 for 824s.; 823 for 825s.; 824 for 826s.; 825 for 827s.; 826 for 828s.; 827 for 829s.; 828 for 830s.; 829 for 831s.; 830 for 832s.; 831 for 833s.; 832 for 834s.; 833 for 835s.; 834 for 836s.; 835 for 837s.; 836 for 838s.; 837 for 839s.; 838 for 840s.; 839 for 841s.; 840 for 842s.; 841 for 843s.; 842 for 844s.; 843 for 845s.; 844 for 846s.; 845 for 847s.; 846 for 848s.; 847 for 849s.; 848 for 850s.; 849 for 851s.; 850 for 852s.; 851 for 853s.; 852 for 854s.; 853 for 855s.; 854 for 856s.; 855 for 857s.; 856 for 858s.; 857 for 859s.; 858 for 860s.; 859 for 861s.; 860 for 862s.; 861 for 863s.; 862 for 864s.; 863 for 865s.; 864 for 866s.; 865 for 867s.; 866 for 868s.; 867 for 869s.; 868 for 870s.; 869 for 871s.; 870 for 872s.; 871 for 873s.; 872 for 874s.; 873 for 875s.; 874 for 876s.; 875 for 877s.; 876 for 878s.; 877 for 879s.; 878 for 880s.; 879 for 881s.; 880 for 882s.; 881 for 883s.; 882 for 884s.; 883 for 885s.; 884 for 886s.; 885 for 887s.; 886 for 888s.; 887 for 889s.; 888 for 890s.; 889 for 891s.; 890 for 892s.; 891 for 893s.; 892 for 894s.; 893 for 895s.; 894 for 896s.; 895 for 897s.; 896 for 898s.; 897 for 899s.; 898 for 900s.; 899 for 901s.; 900 for 902s.; 901 for 903s.; 902 for 904s.; 903 for 905s.; 904 for 906s.; 905 for 907s.; 906 for 908s.; 907 for 909s.; 908 for 910s.; 909 for 911s.; 910 for 912s.; 911 for 913s.; 912 for 914s.; 913 for 915s.; 914 for 916s.; 915 for 917s.; 916 for 918s.; 917 for 919s.; 918 for 920s.; 919 for 921s.; 920 for 922s.; 921 for 923s.; 922 for 924s.; 923 for 925s.; 924 for 926s.; 925 for 927s.; 926 for 928s.; 927 for 929s.; 928 for 930s.; 929 for 931s.; 930 for 932s.; 931 for 933s.; 932 for 934s.; 933 for 935s.; 934 for 936s.; 935 for 937s.; 936 for 938s.; 937 for 939s.; 938 for 940s.; 939 for 941s.; 940 for 942s.; 941 for 943s.; 942 for 944s.; 943 for 945s.; 944 for 946s.; 945 for 947s.; 946 for 948s.; 947 for 949s.; 948 for 950s.; 949 for 951s.; 950 for 952s.; 951 for 953s.; 952 for 954s.; 953 for 955s.; 954 for 956s.; 955 for 957s.; 956 for 958s.; 957 for 959s.; 958 for 960s.; 959 for 961s.; 960 for 962s.; 961 for 963s.; 962 for 964s.; 963 for 965s.; 964 for 966s.; 965 for 967s.; 966 for 968s.; 967 for 969s.; 968 for 970s.; 969 for 971s.; 970 for 972s.; 971 for 973s.; 972 for 974s.; 973 for 975s.; 974 for 976s.; 975 for 977s.; 976 for 978s.; 977 for 979s.; 978 for 980s.; 979